



The dumbe Knight.

2

*A historicall Comedy, acted sundry times
by the children of his Maiesties*

Reuelles.

Louis Machin.

R

B.

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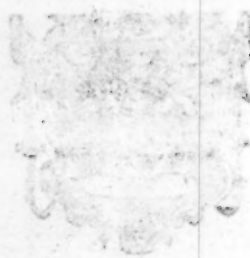


LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *John Bache*, and are to be sold
at his shop in Popes-head Palace, neere to
the Royall Exchange. 1608.

The Quinze Lignes

Alphabet, or, A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T U V X Y Z
by the children of the 17th C.
London, 1700.



LONDON:
Printed by J. Sturges, for J. B. R. and others.
Printed in the Strand, near the
the Royal Exchange, 1700.



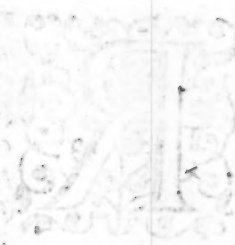
To the vnderstanding Reader.



FOR that Hydra headed Monster, with more tongues then eyes, by help of his intelligencer enuy hath made strange misconstructions on this dumbe Knight, which then could not answere for himselfe: but now this publication doth vnty his tongue, to answer the obiections of all sharp criticall censures which heretofore haue undeserueably past upon him. And for my part (I protest) the wrongs I haue receiued by some (whose worths I will not traduce) with a milde neglect I haue laught at their follies; for I thinke my selfe happy, because I haue beene enuyde, since the best now in grace haue beene subiect to some slanderous tongues that want worth themselves, and thinke it great praise to them to detract praise from other that deserue it; yet hauing a partner in the wrong, whose worth hath beene often approned, I count the wrong but halfe a wrong, because hee knowes best how to answer for himselfe: But I now in his absence, make this Apologie, both for him and me. Thus leauing you and the booke together, I euer rest yours.

Lewes Machin.

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A&. Sce. 1. Musicke.

*Enter the King of Cypres, Phylacles, Florio, and attendants in
armes.*

Cypr.

Nough, these loud sounds deafes my passions
How long shall loue make me a slaue to hope,
And mixe my calme desires with tyranny?
O *Phylacles* 'tis heresie I hold,

Thought and affection cannot be controld.

Phy. Yet mai't be bent and suppld with extreames,
Sith few dare see the end of violence,
What makes the skilfull Leech to vse the fire,
Or warre her engines, or states policie,
But to recouer things most desperate?
Reuolt is recreant when pursuit is braue,
neuer to faint doth purchase what we craue.

Cyp. True my *Phylacles*, yet my recreant soule,
Slaued to her beauty, would renounce all warre,
And yeeld her right to loue, did not thy spirit
Mixt with my longing, fortifie these armes.
But I am now resolut and this sad houre,
Shall giue an end to my disempature.
Summon a parley.

*Enter a lost, the Queene of Sicille, the Duke of Epire, Alphon-
so and attendants.*

Queene. What saies our tyrant sutor, our disease in loue,
That makes our thoughts a slaue vnto his sword:
What saies my Lord?

The dumbe Knight.

Cyp. Madame attend me, this is my latest summons,
The many sunnes my sorrowes haue beheld,
And my sad nights of longings, all through hope,
T'enioy the ioy of earth, (your owne deare selfe)
Are growne so infinite in length and waight,
That like to wearied *Atlas*, I inforce
These warres as *Hercules*, to beare my load: :
Briefly I must enioy you, or else loose
The breath of life, which to preuent, behold,
My sword must be my *Cupid*, and with feathered Steele,
Force pitey from your breast, your Cities walles,
Chidden with my Canons, haue set ope a path
And boldly bids me enter, all your men of warre,
Feebled with famine, and a weary siege,
Take danger from mine actions, onely your selfe,
Strong in your will, oppose euen destiny :
And like the giants warre offend the heauens,
Which to preuent, do but discend and giue
Peace to my loue-suit, and as orecome thereby,
I'le yeeld my selfe your prisoner, and be drawne,
A thrall in your triumphant victory.
If otherwise, behold these fatall swords,
Shall neuer be sheath'd, till we be conquerours:
And not respecting innocence nor sexe,
The cries of infants, nor the prayers of age,
All things shall perish, till within my armes
I fould your selfe my thrall and conquerour.

Qu. Thou maiest be maister of my bodies Tombe
But for my soule and minde, they are as free
As their creation : and with Angels wings
Can soare beyond thy reach ; trust me king of *Cypres*
Those coales the Roman Portia did deuour,
Are nor burnt out, nor haue th'Egiptian wormes,
Yet lost their stings, Steele holds his temper still,
And these are ransomes from captiuiety.
But art thou noble, hast thou one royall thought?

Cyp.

The dumbe Knight.

Cyp. Approue me by your question.

Qu. Then briefly thus :

To shun the great effusion of their bloods,

Who feele no touch in mine affections,

Dare you to single combate, two to two,

Refferre your right in loue?

Cyp. Who are your combatants? we loue equality.

Qu. This is the first, the Epyre duke, a man,

Sprung from the line, of famous *Scanderbag* :

The next *Alphonso*, sprung from noble blood:

Who laden with rich lusitanian prize,

Hath rod through *Syracusa* twice in pompe.

Cyp. Their likings to the motion.

Ep. They are like wrath,

Neuer vnarmd to beat weake iniury.

Alp. Nay more, we are the sonnes of destiny:

Vertu's our guide, our ayme is dignity.

Phy. S'foot king, shalt not forsake them: this I see,

Loue, fight, and death, are rul'd by destiny.

Cyp. My spirit speakes thy motion.

Madame, although aduantage might euade,

And giue my loue more hope, yet my bent will

Bowd to your pleasure, doth imbrace your lawe,

We do accept the combate, and our selfe

Will with that Duke try fortunes, this my friend,

The more part of my selfe, me deereft *Philotes*,

One of an Angels temper, shall with that that Lord

Trye best and worst, the place, the time, the sword.

Ep. They are your rights, we claime as challengers.

Cyp. And we would lose that vantage, but since fame

Makes vertue dular, we embrace our rights:

The place before these walles, the houre next sunne,

The pollax and the hand axe for the fight.

Qu. It is enough,

My hostage is my person and my loue.

Cyp. And mine my hope, my faith and royalty.

The dumbe Knight.

Epy. They are of poyſſe ſufficiente, and one light
Shall at one inſtant, giue vs day and night.

Exeunt Quene, Mariana, Alphonſo.

Cyp. Shee's gone my *Philocles*, and as ſhe goes euen ſo,
The ſunne ſorlakes the heauens to kiſſe the ſea,
Day in her beaury ſtanes, and methinkes,
Her abſence doth exile all happines,
Tell me my *Philocles*, nay pray thee tell me true,
Euen from that loue,
Which to vs both ſhould bend one ſympathy,
Diſcharge an open breſt: doſt thou not thinke,
She is the mirror of her beauteous face,
Vnparallel'd, and vncompanion'd?

Phi. Enuy will ſay ſhee's rare, then truth muſt vow,
She is beyond compare, ſith in her lookes,
Each motion hath a ſpeaking maiſty,
She is herſelfe, compar'd with herſelfe:
For but her ſelfe, ſhe hath no companion.
But when I thinke of beaury, wit and grace,
The elements of actiue delicacy,
Thoſe all eie-pleaſing harmonies of ſight,
Which do inchant mens fancies, and the vpoſe
The life blood of dull earth, O then methinkes,
Faيرة *Mariana* hath an equall place
And if not outſhine, yet ſhe ſeemes more beautifull.

Epy. More then any *Queene*?

Phi. More in the gloſſes of beaury, leſſe in worth,
Of wiſedome and great thoughts, the one I finde
was made for wonder, th' other for admire.

Cyp. Thine equall praises makes my fancies rich:
And I am pleas'd with thy comparifons,
Things of like nature liue in liſt conſent,
Beaury with ſubieſts, maiſty with Kings,
Then let thoſe two I dees lively moue,
Spirit beyond all ſpirit, in our breſts,

That

The dumbe Knight.

That in the end of our reat victory,
we may attaine both loue and maiesty.

Ph. Although my first creation and my birth,
My thoughts and other tempers of my soules,
Tooke all their noble beings from the blood,
And made me onely for the vic of warres,
Yet in this combate, something methinks appears
Greater then greatesst glory and doctraune,
My minde beyond her selfe,
Stoore methinkes *Casus* *Pharsalia*,
Nor *Sapias* *Carthage*, nor *Editha* acts,
Were worthy chaieres of triumph, they ore ment
Poore mangled bodies, and fire-walled climes,
Made their triumphant passage, but we two
Must conquer thoughts and loue, more then the gods can doe.

Cyp. True, and therein
Consists the glorious garland of our praife,
But we negle & th' affaires of preparation, *Floris* be it your charge
To see th' erection of the squared list,
Fit ground for either army, and what else,
Belongs vnto such royall eminence.

Fl. How neere will your maiesties hand the list extend
Vnto the Cities walles?

Cyp. So as the dullest eie,
May see the heedfullst passage in the fight.

Fl. What square or circute?

Cyp. Three score pace each way.

Fl. Your maiesty shal haue your will perform'd.

Ph. Do, and you do vs grace, and now thou sunne,

That art the eye of heauen, whose purer sight

Shall be our guide, and Ioues great *Chronicles*,

Looke from thy spheare,

No guilt of pride, of malice or of blood,

Puts on our armour, onely pure naked loue

Tutors our hopes, and doth our actions moue.

Cyp. Enough my *Philoctes*, thine orizons are heard.

The dumbe Knight.

Come lets away.

Enter Lollia, a wife of Peasbloss Om.

Lol. Now fy vpon't, who would be an Orators wife, and not a Gentlewoman if she could chuse a lady in the most sweet lascivious life, conieyes and kisses, the tire, O the rille, made castles vpon castell, iewell vpon iewell, knotte vpon knotte, crowns, garlands, gardins, and what not the hood, the rebato, the french fall, the loose bodyed gowne, the pinne in the haire, now clawing the pate, then picking the teeth, and every day change, when we poore soules must come and goe for every mans pleasure, and what's a Lady more than another body? we haue legges and hands, and rosming eyes, hanging lips, sleeke browes, cherrie cheekes, and other things as Ladies haue, but the fashion carries it away.

Enter Mistresse Collaquimida.

Col. Why how now Mistresse Peas? the old disease still, will it neuer be better, canner a woman finde one kind man amongst twene? O the daies that I haue scene, when the lawe of a womans will, could haue put her husbands spire to execution.

Lol. O Mistresse Collaquimida, mine is euen the vnnaturallest man to his wife.

Col. Faith for the most part, all schollers are so, for they take it vpon the to know all things, that indeed they know nothing; & besides, they are with study and ease, growne so vnweldy, that a woman shall neare want a fore stomacke that a troubled with them.

Lol. And yet they must haue the gouernment of all.

Col. True, and great reason they haue for it, for a wife man will put it in a womans hand, what shee shall what hee should.

Lol. You haue a pretty ruffe, how deep is it?

Col. Nay this is but shallow, marry I haue a ruffe in a quarter deep, measured by the yeard.

Lol. Indeed, by the yeard?

Col. By the standard I assure you, you haue a pretty ruffe, how big is the Steele you set with?

Lol. As big as a reasonable sufficient ptey of my life, I haue forgot my selfe, if my husband should file from his study, and mangle me, wee should haue such a collie.

The dumbe Knight.

Co. A coyle, why what coyle if he were my husband and did but thwart mee, I would ring him so many alarums, found him so many brasle trumpets, beate him so many drums to his confusion, and thunder him such a peale of great shot, that I would turne his brain in the panne, and make him madde with an eternall silence.

Lo. O mistresse *Coloquintida*, but my husbands anger is the worst fauouredst without all conscience of any mans in all Sicilie, he is euen as peeuish as a sick munkie, and as waspish as an ill pleasd bride the second morning.

Co. Let your wrath be reciprocall, and pay him at his owne weapon: but to the purpose for which I came, the party you wote of, commends him to you in this diamond, hee that met the party you know, and said the parties partie was a party of a partly pretty vnderstanding.

Lo. O the Lord, *Alphonso*.

Co. The very same beleeue it, he loues you, and sweares he so loues you, that if you doe not credit him you are worse then an infidell.

Lo. Indeede mistresse *Coloquintida*, he hath the right garbe for apparell, the true touch with the tongue in the kisse, and he dances well but falles heauily: but my husband woman, my husband, if we could put out his cattles eies, there were something to be said, but they are euer peeping & prying that they are able to pierce through a milstone: besides I may say to you, he is a litle iealous too, and see where hee comes, wee shall haue a coyle now.

Enter Prate the Orator.

Co. Begin you to pour fitt, for thats a womans prevention.

Prate. What *Lollia* I say, where are you, my house lookes you, my men lack you, I seeke you, and a whole quest of inquiry cannot finde you, fy, fy, fy, fy, Idlenes is the whip of thrift, a good huswife should euer be occupied?

Lo. Indeede I haue much ioy to bee occupied in any bodys company.

Prate. Why, whats the matter?

Lo. Why Orators wiues shortly will bee knowne like intages on water staires, euer in one wetherbeaten suite, as if none wore hoodes but Monkes and Ladies, nor feathers but fore-horses and wairing gentlewo.

The dumbe Knight.

Iew women, nor chaines but prisoners and Lords officers, nor perri-wigs but players and hottē braines, but the weakest must to the walles still.

Prate. Go to, you shall haue what you will.

Lo. Nay nay, 'twas my hard fortune to be your wife, time was I might haue done otherwise, but it matters not, you esteeme me as you doe your selfe, and thinke all things costly enough that couers shame, and that a paire of silken foresleeues to a fatten brestplate, is a garment good enough for a capitoll: but is master *Wrangle*, master *Tangle*, or master *Trebleaxe* of that opinion? in faith sir no.

Ther's neuer a gallant in our state
That goes more rich in gaudy brauery:
And yet I hope for quality of speech,
Audacious words or quirkes or quidities,
You are not held ther much inferiour.

Fy, fy, I am asham'd to see your basenesse.

Co. Indeepe master *Prate* she telles you truly, I wonder that you being a proper man and an Orator will not go braue, according to the custome of the country.

Prate. Go to neighbour, he that wil rise to the top of a high ladder must goe vp, not leape vp: but be patient wench, and thou shalt shortly see me gallant it with the best, and for thy selfe my *Lollia*, Not *Lollia Paulina*, nor those blasfing starres,
Which makes the world the Apes of Italy,
Shall match thy selfe in sun-bright splendency.

Lo. Nay, verily for my selfe I care not, tis you that are my pride, if you would goe like your selfe I were appeas'd.

Prate. Beleeue it wench so I will: but to the purpose for which I came, the end of this great warre is now brought to a combate, two to two, the Duke of *Epyre* and *Alphonso* for our Queene against the King and Prince *Philocles*: now wench if thou wilt goe see the fight, I will send and provide thee of a good standing.

Lo. Indeepe, for you haue nere a good one of your owne.

Prate. What, *President* I say?

Pre. Anon anon sir.

Prate.

The dumbe Knight.

Prate. Why when I say, the villains bellie is like a bottomlesse pit, euer filling and yet emptie, at your leasure sir.

Enter President Prates man eating.

Pre. I can make no more haste then my teeth will giue mee leaue.

Prate. Well sir, get you without the towne, to the place for the combate, and prouide me for my wife some good standing, to see the conflict.

Pre. How master how, must I provide a good standing for you for my mistresse? truly Master I thinke a marybone pye, candi'd er-nigoes, preseru'd dattes, or manihadal of cantharides were much better harbingers, cock sparrows flew'd, doves braines or swannes pizels are very prouocatiue, roasted potatoes or boild skerrrets are your onely lousy dishes, me thinks these should fit you better then I can doe.

Prate. Whats this; whats this I say? provide mee a standing for my wife vpon a scaffold.

Pre. And truly Master, I thinke a priuar chamber were better.

Prate. I graunt you, if there were a chamber conuenient.

Pre. Willing minds will make shift in a simple hole, close windowes, strong locks, hard bed and sure posts, are your onely ornaments.

Prate. I thinke the knaue be madde, sirra you chop logicke, blockhead, you that haue your braine panne made of dry leather, & your wit euer wetshod: pack about your businesse, or lle pack your pen and inckhorne about your eares.

Pre. Well sir, I may go or so, but would my mistresse take a standing of my preferment, I would so mount her, shee should loue strange things the better all her life after.

Prate. Why when sir.

Exit President.

And come sweete wife: nay neighbour let vs haue your company too.

Exeunt.

Enter

The dumbe Knight.

*Enter at one dore a Herald, and Florio marshall for the King,
with officers bearing the lists, at the other dore a her-
ald and Calio marshall for the Queene.*

Ca. Holla, what are you?

Flo. High marshall for the King, your Character.

Ca. I likewise for the Queene, where lies your equall ground?

Flo. Here vnderneath these walles, and there and there ground for
the battailes.

Ca. Place there the Queenes seate,
And there and there chaires for the combarants.

Flo. Place here the lists, fixe every ioint as strong

As 'were a wall, for on this foote of earth

This day shall stand two famous monuments,

The one a throne of glory bright as gold,

Burnisht with angels luster, and with starres,

Pluckt from the crowne of conquest, in which shall sit

Men made halfe Gods through famous victory:

The other a rich tombe of memorable fame,

Built by the curious thoughts of noble mindes,

In which shall sleepe these valiant soules in peace,

Whom Fortunes hand shall only ouerthrow.

Heauen in thy Palme, this day the ballance hings,

Which makes Kings Gods, or men more great then Kings.

Ca. So now let the heralds giue the champions signe
Of ready preparations.

Exeunt Herald.

*The cornets sound, and enter at one end of the stage a Herald, two pa-
ges, one with pollaxes, the other with band axes, the Duke of Epyre,
and a Alphon/o like combarants, the Queene and Mari-
ana and Prato, Lollia, Coloquintida, and
President aloft.*

Flo. What are you that appeare, and what deuoyre
Drawes you within these lists?

Epy. I am the Duke of Epyre, and the mine
Which doth attract my spirit to run this marshall course,

Is

The dumbe Knight.

Is the faire guard of a distressed Queene,
Would wedde to hate and in equality and brutish force,
Which to withstand I boldly enter thus,
And will defeile, or else proue recreant.

Flo. And what are you or your intendiments?

Alp. I am *Alphonso* marshall of this realme,
Who of like tempered thoughts and like desires,
Haue grounded this my sanctimonious zeale,
And will approue the Dukes assertions,
Or in this field lie slaine and recreant.

Flo. Enter and prosper as your cause deserues.

*The cornets sound, and enter at the other end of the stage a Herald,
two Pages with axes and pollaxes, then the king of Cyprus
and Philocles, like combatants and their Army.*

Ce. What are you that appeare, and what deuoyre
Drawes you within these lists?

Cy. I am the King of *Cyprus*, who led on
By the diuine instinct of heauenly loue,
Come with my sword to beg that royall maid,
And to approue by gift of heauen and fate
She is a one to me appropriate:
Which to maintaine I challenge entrance here,
Where I will liue a King or recreant.

Ce. And what are you or your intendiments?

Phi. I am lesse then my thoughts, more then my selfe,
Yet nothing but the creature of my fate,
By name my nature onely is obscur'd,
And yet the world baptis'd me *Philocles*.
My entrance here is prooffe of holy zeale,
And to maintaine that no seuerer disdain,
False shape of chastitie, nor womans will,
Neglectiue petulace, or vncertaine hope,
Foule vizard coyne, nor seducing fame
Should rob the royall temper of true loue

C

From

The dumbe Knight.

From the desired aime of his desires,
Which my best bloud shall witnesse, or this field
Intombe my body made a recreant.

Ca. Enter and prosper as your cause deserues. *Draws 2 swords.*

Flo. Princes, lay your hands on these swords points
Here you shall sweare by hope, by heauen, by loue;
And by the right you challenge: in true fame,
That here you stand not arm'd with any guile,
Malignant hate, or vsurpation
Of philters charmes, of nightspels characters,
Or other blacke infernall vantages,
But euen with thoughts as pure
As your pure vallures, or the sunnes pure beames,
T'approve the right of pure affection;
And howsoe're your fortunes rise or fall,
To breake no faith in your conditions,
So help you loue.

Al. We sweare.

Qu. How often doth my maiden thoughts correct
And chide my froward will, for this extreame
Pursuit of bloud! belecue me, faine I would
Recall mine oathes vow, did not my shame
Hold fast my cruelty, by which is taught
Those gems are prized best, are deereit bought,
Sweep my loues softnes then, waken my flame,
Which guards a vestall sanctity; Princes behold,
Vpon those weapons sits my God of loue,
And in their powers my loues feuerity.
If them you conquere, we are all your slaues,
If they triumph, wee le moune vpon your graues.

Ma. Now by my maiden modesty I wish
Good fortune to that *Philoctes*, my minde
Presages vertue, in his eaglets eyes.
Sfoot he lookes like a sparrow hauke, or a wason fire
A flash of lightning, or a glimpse of day,
His eie steales to my heart, and lets it see

More

The dumbe Knight.

More then it would, peace, blab no-secrecie,
He must haue blowes.

Flo. Sound cornets, Princes respect your guards.

*Heere they fight, and Philocles ouerthrowes Alphonso, and
Epyre ouerthrowes Cypres.*

Phi. I craue the Queenes conditions, or this blow
Sends this afflicted soule to heauen or hell.

Speake madame, will you yeeld or shall he die?

Epy. Neither bould Prince, if thou but touch a haire;

The kings breath shall redeeme it: madame your loue

Is safe in angels guarding, let no feare

Shake hands with doubtfulnesse, you are as safe

As in a tower of Diamonds.

Phi. O t'is but glasse,

And cannot beare this axes massinesse.

Duke, thy braue words that second thy braue deedes,

Fills me with emulation, onely we two

Stand equall victors; then if thou hast that tie

And bond of well knit valure, which vnites

Vertue and fame together, let vs restore

Our captiues vnto freedome, and we two,

In single combate trie out the mastery.

Where who so fallles each other, shall subscribe

To euery clause in each condition.

Epy. Thou art the index of mine ample thought,

And I am pleas'd with thine election.

Speake madame, if euer I deserued grace,

Grace me with your consent.

Qu. T'is all my will.

Thy noble hand erect and perfit me.

Phi. What saies his maiesty?

My starres are writ in heauen, nor death nor fate

Are slaues to feare, to hope or human state.

Cyp. I neither feare thy fortune nor my ruine;

But hold them all beyond all prophesie,

The dumbe Knight.

Thou hast my free consent, and on thy power
Lies my liues date or my deaths hower.

Epy. Then rise and liue with safety.

Pbi. *Alphonso*, here my hand,
Thy fortune lends thy peace no infamy.
And now thou glorious issue of Ioues braine,
That burnt the *Telamonian* Rauisher,
Looke from thy spheare, and if my heart containe
An impure thought of lust, send thy monsters forth
And make me more then earthly miserable.

*Here the cornets sound, they fight, and Philocles over-
comes the Duke, the Queene defends.*

Pbi. Yeld, recant or dye.

Epy. Thine axe hath not the power to wound my thought,
And yeelds a word my tongue could neuer sound,
I say th'art worthy valiant, for my death,
Let the Queene speake it, tis an easie breath.

Qu. Not for the worlds large circuite, hold gentle Prince,
Thus I doe pay his ransome, lowe as the ground,
I tender mine vnspotted virgin loue,
To thy great willes commandement, let not my care
My woman ty rannie, or too strict guard,
In bloudy purchase take away those sweetes
Till now haue gouerned your amazd desires:
For trust me king, I will redeeme my blame,
With as much loue, as *Philocles* hath fame.

Cy. Thus comes a calme vnto a Sea-wract soule,
Ease to the pained, foode vnto the staru'd,
As you to me my best creation.

Trust me my Queene, my loues large chronicle
Thou neuer shalt ore-read, because each day
It shall beget new matter of amaze:
And liue to doe thee grace eternally,
Next whom my *Philocles* my bounteous friend,

The dumbe Knight.

— Author of life, and soueraigne of my loue,
My heart shall be thy throne, thy breast the shrine,
Where I will sit to study gratefulnes
To you and you my Lords, my best of thoughts,
Whose loues haue shewd a dutious carefulnes,
To all free thanks and graces, this vnity
Of loue and kingdomes, is a glorious sight.
Mount vp the royal Champion, musicke & cornets sound,
Let shouts and cries make heauen and earth rebound.

Exeunt.

Epy. How like the sunnes great bastard ore the world,
Rides this man mounted engine, this proud prince
And with his breath findges our continents.]
Sit fast proud *Sharton*, for by heauen ile kicke
And plunge thee in the sea: if thou'lt needes ride,
Thou shouldst haue made thy seat vpon a slaue,
And not vpon mine honours firmament.
Thou hast not heard the God of wisedomes tale,
Nor can thine youth curbe greatnes, till my hate,
Confound thy life with villaine policy.
I am resolu'd since vertue hath disdaind
To cloath me in her riches, henceforth to proue
A villaine fatall, blacke and ominous:
Thy vertue is the ground of my dislike:
And my disgrace, the edge of enuies sword,
Which like a rasor shall vnplumbe thy crest;
And rob thee of thy natue excellence,
When great thoughts giue their homage to disgrace
Thers's no respect of deedes, time, thoughts or place.

A&. 2. Sce. 1. Musicke.

Enter Prat, Lollie, Colloquimida, and President.

Prat.

COME wife, me thought our partie stood stilly to it.

Prof. Indeed they were stiffe whilest they stood, but when they

The dumbe Knight.

were downe, they were like men of a low world, a man might haue wound their worst anger about his finger.

Lol. Goe to sirra, you must haue your fooles bolt in euery bodies quiver.

Prat. Indeed mistresse, if my master should breake his arrow with foule shooting or so, I would bee glad if mine might supply the whole.

Prat. I find you kinde sir.

Prat. True sir, according to my kinde, and to pleasure my kinde Mistresse.

Prat. Go to sirra, I will not haue your kindnes to intermeddle with her kinde, she is meate for your master.

Prat. And your man sir, may licke your foule trencher.

Col. I but not eate of his mutton.

Prat. Yet I may deep my bread in the woole, Mistresse *Colloquimida.*

Prat. Goe to sirra, you will bee obscene, and then I shall knocke you; but to the combate, me thought our side were the more proper men.

Lol. True, and therefore they had the worse fortune: but see heere is the Lord Florio. *Enter Florio.*

Flo. Master Orator, it is the King and Queenes maiesties pleasure, that you presently repaire vnto the Court, touching the drawing out of certaine Articles for the benefite of both the kingdoms.

Prat. My Lord, I will instantly attend their maiesties.

Flo. Doe, for they expect you seriously.

Exit Florio.

Prat. Wife you can haue my seruice no longer. Sirra, President, attend you vpon your mistresse home: and wife, I would haue you to hold your iourney directly homeward, and not to imitate princes in their progresse, step not out of your way to visit a new gossip, to see a new garden-house, to smell the perfumes of Court ierkins, or to handle other tooles then may fit for your modestie: I wou'd not haue you to step into the Suburbs, and acquaint your selfe either with monsters or motions, but holding your way directly homeward, shew your selfe still to bee a rare housewife.

Lol.

The dumbe Knight.

Lol. I'faith, I'faith, your blacke out-side will haue a yellowe lining.

Prat. Content thee wife, it is but my loue that giues thee good counsaile. But here comes one of my clients.

Enter Drap, a country Gentleman.

Drap. Sir, master Orator, I am bold to trouble you about my suit.

Prat. Si, Mr. country gent'eman, I am now for present businesse of the

Dra. You may the better remember me. (kings.)

Pra. Hey day, I shall mixe your businesse with the kings.

Dra. No but you may let his maiestie know my necessity.

Pra. Sir, sir, you must not confine me to your seasons, I tell you I will collect mine owne leasures.

Enter Veloups a Citizen.

Ve. Master Orator, is it your pleasure I attend you about my dispatches?

Pra. Sir, it is my pleasure you dispatch your selfe from mine incumbrance, I tell you I am for instant businesse of the Kings.

Ve. Sir, I haue borne mine attendance long.

Pra. Beare it till your bones ake, I tell you I cannot beare it now, I am for new busines.

Dra. Ve. Yet the old would be dispatcht, it was first paid for.

Prat. If you be gentlemen do not make me mad.

Dra. Ve. Sir, our suits are of great waight.

Prat. If you be Christians do not make me an Atheist, I shall prophane if you vex me thus.

Enter the Lord Merchant.

What more vexation? my Lord, my Lord, saue your breath for your broth, I am not now at leasure to attend you.

Me. A word good Mr. Orator.

Prat. Not a word I beseech your Lordship, I am for the Kings businesse, you must attend me at my chamber.

Exit Prat.

Me. Dra. Ve. And euery where else, wee will not leaue you.

Exeunt.

Pra. Now methinkes my master is like a horse-leech, and these suitors so many sicke of the gout, that come to haue him suck their bloud: O't is a mad world.

Lol. Goe to sirra, you will neuer leaue your crabtree families;
but

The dumbe Knight.

but pity of me who haue we heare?
O tis the Lord *Alphonso*.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Mistresse God saue: nay your lip I am a stranger, & how doth
Mistresse *Colloquintida*, O you are an excellent seasoner of ciry sto-
mackes.

Col. Faith my Lord I haue done my best to make somebody relish
your sweet meates; but harke you my Lord, I haue stricke the stroak,
I haue done the deed, there wants nothing but time, place and her
consent.

Alp. Call you that nothing?

Col. A trifle, a trifle, vpon her, vpon her my Lord, she may seeme a
little rough at the first; but if you stand stiffly to her, shee'le fall; a
word with you Mr. *Presidents*.

They whisper.

Alp. Mistresse *Prat*, I am a souldier, and can better act my loue then
speake it, my suit you know by your neighbour, my loue you shall
proue by my merit, to both, which my tokens haue bin peety witnesses
and my body shal seale & deliuer vpon thee such a braue confirmatiō,
that not all the Orators in Sicill shall bee able to cancell the deede.

Lol. Truly my Lord, methinkes you being witty should bee
honest.

Alph. Nay wench, if I were a foole, ther's no question but
I would be honest: But to the purpose, say wench, shall I enioy, shall
I possesse?

Lol. To enioy my loue, is not to possesse my body.

Alp. Tut wench, they be words of one signification, and cannot be
separated.

Lol. Nay then I should wrong my husband.

Alp. S'foot, thou shouldest but do for him as he does for the whole
world; why an Orator were a needle name, if it were not to defend
wrong: then wench, do as he doth, write by a president.

Lol. O my Lord, I haue a husband,
A man whose waking ielousie suruiues,
And like a Lion, sleepest with open eies;
That not a minute of mine houres are free
From the intelligence of his secret spies.
I am a very toward *Danae*

Thorew

The dumbe Knight.

Thorow whose rooffe; fufpition will not let,
Gold fhowers haue paffage, nor can I deceiue;
His *Argues* ies, with any policy:
And yet I fwear I loue you.

Al. Death of affection, if thou lou'ft me, as thou faieft thou doft,
Thou canft inuent fome meanes for our delight,
The rather bith it euer hath beene faid,
That walles of braffe withftand not willing mindes:
And women when th'are prone make loue admir'd:
For quaint indeuours, come inftroct thy wit:
And finde fome scale to our hie hight of bliffe.

Lol. Then breefly thus my Lord.

To morrow doth the Senate fit to iudge,
Caufes both criminall and of the ftate;
Where of neceffity my husbands place,
Muft be filld by himfelfe, becaufe his tongue,
Muft guild his clients caufes. Now if you please,
All that felfe houre, when he is turmoild,
About thofe ferious trifles, to vouchfafe
To vifit me, his abfence and my care
Shall giue vs libertie of more delight,
You know my meaning, and I am afham'd
My loue fhould thus betray my modefty;
But make the vfe according to your fancy.

Alp. What houre affures his abfence?

Lol. Eight is the lateft time.

Alp. This kiffe leaue my faith with thee, farewell.
Th'art giuen me double glory from thy breath,
Nothing fhall lofe me time but certaine death. *Exit Alp.*

Pre. Truly Miftrefle *Collaquinida*, you are an excellent peece of
sweet gall.

Lol. Well fir, will you lead the way homeward?

Pre. To your bed chamber miftrefle, or your priue lodging.

Enter Philotes alone.

Phi. Night clad in blacke mounres for the loffe of day,

D

And

The dumbe Knight.

And hides the silver spangles of the aire,
That not a sparke is left to light the world,
Whil' st quiet sleep the nourisher of life
Takes full possession on mortality.
All creatures take their rest in soft repose
Save malecontents, and we accursed lovers,
Whose thoughts perturbed, makes vs passions slaue:
And robs vs of the iuice of happinesse.
Deere *Mariana*, shapt in an Angels mould,
Thou thral'st my senses, and inflam'st my blood,
Loue, power, by wisdom cannot bee withstood.
But see the morning starre breakes from the East,
To tell the world her great eie is awak't
To take his journey to the westerne vales:
And now the court begins to rise with him.

*Here passes ouer the stage a Physitian, a Gentleman
Vlber, and a waiting maide.*

There goes the Physitian, the waiting maid,
And a fine straight leg'd Gentleman Vlber,
The preface to a kirtill all puffe past,
One that writes sonnets in his Ladies praise,
And hides her crimes with flattering poesie.
But peace amazement, see the day of life,
Natures best worke, the worlds chiefe paragon,
Madame one word.

Ma. I, so now farewell.

Phi. You do mistake me.

Ma. That your selfe can tell.

You ask't me one word, which I gaue, said I,
A word of least vse in a virgins breath,
Vrge not my patience then with fond reply.

Phi. Deere Lady lend an eare vnto my voice
Sith each were made for others happines:
My tong's not oild with courtly flatterings.

Enter Marian.

Nor

The dumbe Knight.

Nor can I paint my passions to the life;
But by that power which shapt this heauenly forme,
I am your bond-slaue, forc'd by loues command,
Then let soft pittie with such beauty dwell.
Madame I loue you.

Ma. As I am a virgin so do I.

Pbi. But Madame whom?

Ma. My selfe, no Lady better.

Pbi. But will you loue me?

Ma. No by my chastity.

Pbi. I hope you do but iest.

Ma. Nay ile keep mine oath,

Men shall abandon pride and ieaiousie
Ere ile be bound to their captiuiety,
They shall liue continent, and leaue to range,
But men like to the moone, each month must change.
Yet we must seeke that naught their sight displeases,
And mixe our wedlock sweetes with loathd diseases:
When we consume our selues and our best beauty,
All our reward is why, 'twas but our duty.

Pbi. Iudge not so hard of all for some offenders;
For you are subiect to the selfe same crimes,
Of men and women alwaies haue bene had
Some good of each.

Ma. But for the most part bad:
Therefore ile haue none at all but die a perfit maide.

Pbi. That humour like a flower soone will fade,
Once did mine owne thoughts sing to that delight,
Till loue and you reformed my barbarousnesse:
Therefore deere Lady, pittie my wounded heart.

Ma. A Surgeon here for this loue-wounded man.
How deep's your vlcere orifice, I pray you tell?

Pbi. Quite thorow my heart.

Ma. 'Tis strange and looke so well;
Yet Ladies eyes haue power to murder men,
And with one smile to make them whole again.

The Dumb Knight.

Achilles launce to a haire, but doe you loue me prince?

Phi. Deerer then my soule.

Ma. Would I could loue you.

Phi. Madame so you may.

Ma. As yet I cannot, therefore let me goe.

Phi. O do not leaue me, grant me but one request,

And here I vow by that diuineſt power,

The ſalt-ſeas glorious iſſue, whoſe bright ſplende

Rules my ſick heart, and knowes my chaſt intent,

That if you pleaſe't impoſe on me that taſke,

Which neither men nor monſter can atchieue,

Which euen Angels haue a dread to touch,

Deedes which outſtretch all poſſibility,

S'foot more then can be thought, and I'll effect,

Or elſe I'll periſh in th'accompliſhment.

Ma. Let your requeſt ſit virgin modeſty,

And you obey your vow, I am content

To giue your thoughts contented happineſſe.

Phi. Tis but a kittle I aſke, a minutes ioy.

Ma. Now Cupid help thee, is thy grieve for this,

Keep thy ſtrong vow, & freely take a kiſſe.

Phi. I haue obtaynd my heaven, and in this touch,

I feele the breath of all delinouiſſe.

Then freely giue the ſentence of my worke,

Muſter vp all the engines of your wit,

Teach me rules beyond man's iouſneſſe,

What care it be, I'll die but I'll performe it.

Ma. Thou ſhalt not kiſſe thy ſelfe, nor fight with monſters,

Nor bring the great Turkes herd to ſlew thy zeale.

Thy life thou ſhalt not hazard for my loue,

Nor will I tie thee to an endleſſe taſke,

Burden with eaſe, and gentle tangled thorn,

Thou ſhalt vnrwind thy clew of miſeries.

Phi. Let it haue paſſage, madame giue me my doome.

Ma. Then Philocles knie ſilence to my words,

And marke thy doome: for thus my ſtricker will

colliſe

D

Loads

The dumbe Knight.

Loads griefe vpon thy valner leuety.
Hence for the space and compasse of one year
Thou shalt abiure the liberty of speech;
Thou shalt not speake for fully twelue months space;
For friend nor foe, for danger nor for death;
But liue like aire, with silent emptinesse:
Breake thou this vow, i'll hold thee for a villaine;
And all the world shall know thy perjury.

Pbi. Be heauen and earth a witnesse of my vow,
And mine eternall silence, I am dumbe.

Ma. Why so, now shal I not be troubled with vaine chat,
Or idle prate of idle wantonnesse:

For loue I cannot, therefore tis in vaine,
Would all my suitors tongues I thus could raine,
Then should I liue free from faine sighes and groanes,
With O take pittie, tis your seruant moanes,
And such harsh stuffe, that frets me to the heart:
And sonnets made of *Cupids* burning dart.
Of *Venus* lip, and *Innoes* maiestie:
Then were I freed from fooles and foolerie.
In May the cuckoe sings, then sheel'e come hither,
Her voice and yours will rarely tune together.

Exit Mariana. Enter Florio.

Flo. Prince *Philocles*, the king would speake with you: *Speakes low.*
Prince *Philocles*, the king would speake with you: *Speakes louder & louder.*
Prince *Philocles*, the king would speake with you.

Philocles strikes Florio and fets him.

Flo. The pox rot off your fingers for this blow,
It is coronation day, thorow all my skull,
Theres such a farall ringing in my braine,
Has woone the felt, has laid fise fingers on;
But twas a knauish part of him to play so.
Heare me you Gods for this my open wrong,
Make short his fingers as you haue his tongue. *Exit Flo.*

Enter Mefchiant alone.

Me. Tis not mans fortune, enuy or neglect;

The dumbe Knight.

Which makes him miserable, but tis meane fate,
Euen sole predestination, a firme gift,
Fixt to his birth, before the world was made,
For were it otherwise, then within our liues,
We should finde some distractions, errorrs change,
And other toies of much vncertaintie:
But my mishaps are fixe so to my blood,
They haue no sire but my creation;
The Queene out of suspicion that my loue,
First set an edge vpon the Kings desires,
And made him wooe her with a victors sword,
Casts me from fauour, seizes all my lands,
And turnes my naked fortunes to the cold,
The King made proud with purchase of his wish
Neglects my sufferance for him; and ore lookes,
The low tide of my fortunes; lest my woes
Should speake my wrongs to his ingratitude;
The whilst those lords whose supple hams haue bow'd
To doe me formal reuerence, now despise
And sleight me in their meanest compliments:
O tis a torment more then hell yet knowes
To be an honest flatterer, or to liue
A saint in *Limbo*, which that I may preuent,
He be nor best nor worst, but all indifferent.
But here comes a noble man, I must turne petitioner.
My Lord, may I not see the king?

Enter Florio.

Flo. You may not.

His maiestie is now downe prest with seriousnessse:
As for your suit it is with *Prat* the Orator.
I heard his highnesse giue him a speciall charge
For your dispatch with fauour.

Me. O but he doth neglect,
And sleights me like his weakke orations,
And by your Lordships leaue, I do not thinke
His wisdom worthy of the conference.

Flo. Nay if you will correct the kings coyne you are not for my conference

The dumbe Knight.

ference, Fare you well.

Exit Florio.

Me. Why, and fare you well, Sfoot this is more then strange,
That being grieu'd I may not say i'me paind.

Enter Alphons.

But heere comes another: Mine honorable Lord
May I not haue some conference with the king?

Alp. You may not, businesse of greater waight
Imports both him and vs: nay pray you cease;
As for your suit tis with the Orator.

Me. Yet methinkes twere meet

Alp. That you would rather trouble him then me.

Me. Its strange.

Alp. Its strange indeed, to see you wrong your ease.
I am not now for idle conferences, adiew.

Exit Alp.

Me. Why this is court grace to men in misery,
And thus these taile-lesse Lions with their roare,
Affright the simple heard: O I could now
Turne rebell 'gainst their pride.

Enter Epire.

But heere comes the Duke:

My gracious Lord, vouchsafe to heare my griefes.

Epy. For Gods loue cease your trouble, wee are all
Troubled with griefes of stranger qualities.

Me. Words are no heauy burthen.

Epy. No, had I no other waight;
But we are all downe prest with other poise:

As for your suit it is refer'd to *Prat*:

And he must giue you faire dispatch with fauour;

VVhich if he sleight for enuy or for bribe,

Repaire to me, and I will not forget

To giue you ease, and chide his negligence.

Meane space I pray you leaue me, for we all

Are troubled now with greatest miracles.

Me. Your grace doth do me comfort, and I will

Study with seruice to deserue your fauours,

And so I take my leaue. *Exit Adisant. Enter 2 Dollers.*

Epy. Your owne contentments follow you;

Now gentlemen what newes within, can this dumbe wonder speake?

Haue

The dumbe Knight

Haue you cut off those leers that tied his speech.
And made your fames to found thorow Sicille?

1 *Doct.* All hopefull meanes that man or art can finde,
Haue we made triall off, but tis in vaine
For still my Lord, the cur'es invincible.

2 *Doct.* Those Organs nature gaue to moue the tongue,
He fully doth possesse as well as we
Which makes vs thinke his suddaine apoplexie,
Is either will, vow, or a miracle.

Epy. I should thinke strangely, had wee strange things on earth;
But wonders now are most familiar:
But here comes his maiestie, now we shall see
If this dumbe beast can speake before the king.

*Cornets, and enter Cyprus, Queene Philocles,
Mariana and attendants.*

Cyp. My best off friends, my dearest *Philocles*,
Thy griefes run in my spirit, make me sad,
And duls my sense with thine affliction.
My soule with thine doth sympathize in woe,
And passion gouerns him that should rule all.

What say our Doctors, is there no hope of help?
1 *Doct.* No hope my Lord, the cure is desperate.

Cyp. Then I am king of greife, for in his words
Found I more musicke then in quires of Angels,
It was as siluer as the chime of spheares.
The breath of Lutes, or loues deliciousest:
Next to my Queene, he is my ioy on earth.
Nor shall the world containe that happy good
Which with my teares I will not wooe for him.
My Lord of Epyre, let it be straight proclaim'd
Thorow all the cities in our kingdomes verdge,
That who so will avow to cure this prince,
And bring his worke to wisht effectualnesse,
Shall haue ten thousand crownes and our best loue;

But

The dumbe Knight.

But if he faile in his great enterprife,
His daring is the losse of present life,
Since no man hitherto could doe him good,
The next shall help him or else loose his blood.

Epy. Your Maiesty shall haue your will performed.

Ma. Nor all so soone deare brother, what if a womā now
Should turne *Æsculapius* and restore
This dumbe *Hypolitus*? nay do not looke strange,
I dare auow and vndertake the cure.

Epy. You sister, are you in your wits?

(tongue

Ma. Faith of the out side of them brother, yet a womā
Whose burthen still is superfluity,
May lend a man an ages complement,

Cy. Madam I would not haue you with the barke
Play your selfe into day net, this great cure,
I feare is farre beyond your Phyticks helpe.

Ma. My Lord, you know not how *Apollo* lones me,
I haue beene thought as faire as *Orion* was,
And dare be bold to claime this miracle.

bour

Cy. *Marianna* attend, glory & ruine compasse thee a-
This hand shall raise thee to a golden throne,
And grace thee with all stiles of dignity;
This cast thee downe.

Lower then liues misfortune and orewhelme
Thy beauties with thy graue, performe be great,
Faile and be worse then worst calamitie.

Que. Stay gentle friend, my loue doth bid thee stay,
Attempt not, and be safe from misery.

Epy. Sister you shall not graspe with mischief thus,
My blood doth challenge interest in your ill,
And I coniure you from this desperatnes.

(our strife,

Ma. Brother content your selfe, words but augment
I will performe or else my pawn's my life.

Cy. Proceed faire virgin,

Ma. Vouchsafe me priuacy: now *Venus* be my speed,
Speake gentle *Philocles*, thine oaths bond I vntie.

E

And

The dumbe Knight.

And glue thy vowes a free infranchisement,
Thy well kept league hath show'd thy strength of truth,
And doth confirme me in my vertuousnesse:
Thy martyrdome and sufferance is too long,
And I restore it to new liberty.
Then speake my *Philocles*, speake gentle Prince
To her whose lone respects and honors thee.

Cy. How now, what vertue from thy charmes?

Ma. No hope is left, deare *Philocles* regard my miseries
Vntie that wilfull let which holds in speech,
And make me happy through thy noble pitey.
I see the face of mine ill shapè contempt,
Where like with like hath quit most iniury:
Then speake my Lord, vtter one Angell breath
To giue me ioy, and saue me from strange death.
What not a word, hath this small silence brought
An vtter detestation to thy speech?
Wilt thou nor heare, nor speake, nor pitey me,
The gentle Gods moue thee to more remorse.

Cy. What, wilt not be?

Fond maid thou hast drawne affliction on thy head,
And thrald thy selfe to worst calamity:
Till morrow sunne thy incantations vse,
But then effectlesse, all hopes desperate,
Wert thou my bosome loue thou diest the death,
Best ease for madnesse is the losse of breath.

Exeunt all but Phi. and Ma.

Ma. O *Philocles* I am no courts disgrace,
No cities Prostitution, countries shame,
Nor one shall bring Troys fire vnto thy house,
Turne not away hard harted *Mirmidon*,
See, on my knees Ile follow thee in court,
And make the world condemne thy cruelty:
Yet if my teares may mollifie thy heart,
Receiue them as the floods of strangest tides,
Turne not thy face from her that doates on thee,

Loue

The dumbe Knight.

Loue hath made me subiect to thy will,
And pale disdain hath tane reuenge on me.
Behold my nerues Ile weare vpon this earth;
And fill this rooſewith lamentations.
What doſt thou ſmile, hath fury ſo much ſway
As euen to baniſh poore ciuilitie?
Then be thy ſelfe, and breake thine itching ſpleene;
For I diſdaine thy ranſomes victorie,
Life thou art weary brought, welcome my death,
Sweet becauſe wiſht for, good becauſe my choiſe:
Yee when I am dead, this of me ſhall be ſaid,
A cruell Prince murdered a louing maid.
And after ages to th' vnborne ſhall tell,
Thy hate, my loue, thy enuie and my hell.
Nay do not ſpeak I charge thee, go let nothing moue thee,
Death is my glory ſince thou wilt not loue me. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scena. 1. Muſique.

Enter the Duke of Epyre and Alphonſo.

Epy.

Griefe which controlles the motions of our thoughts,
Raines in my bloud and makes me paſſions ſlaue,
My ſiſters miſerie torments my ſoule,
And breaks my gall when I but thinke of her;
She was bewicht with ſpelles to her miſfortune,
Or elſe borne hapleſſe vnder a lowring ſtarre,
And tis her fate to be thus miſerable:
O *Philoctes* haſt thou no other ſcale
To mount thy heauen but by our miſeries,
Muſt all the noble fame of our great houſe
Waſte downe her royall pillars to make ſteps
For thee to climbe to glory? well I ſee
Thou plots our ſhames in thy great dignicy. *(Stormes)*

Alp. Patience great Lord, me thinkes theſe ill raifd
Haue not more violence then may be borne,
Come we will both go ſue vnto the King.

The dumbe Knight.

We there will kneele and pray eternally,
And neuer rise till he remit his doome:
It shall be so, I will vnto the King,
To beg great fauour for a small offences
But if the dy for this, then King take heede;
Thee and thy fortunes by this hand shall bleed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chyp, Shannwig and others with a Scaffold.

Chy. Come my harts, lets make all things ready for the execution,
heer's a maiden head must be cut off without a featherbed.

Sha. Its a signe she deales with sharp tooles & a cruell heads man.

Chy. If I had beene her iudge, she should haue beene tost to death
in a blanket.

Sha. No, I would haue had her smothered in a featherbed.

Chy. They say she would not pleade at her triall.

Sha. No thats true, for she had a great desire to be prest.

Chy. And I haue knowne some of her sex, haue got that fauor to be
prest for speaking.

Sha. Then she was vnwise to hold her tongue being a woman.

Chy. What is her crime that she must loose her head?

Sha. Because she liued honest, contrary to the statute.

Chy. There is a great number of my neighbors will neuer suffer for
that fault.

Sha. No nor thou neither if the truth were knowne, for my part I
shunne that danger.

Chy. I thinke we are all out of danger of the lawe for that crime.

Sha. I know I am free, for I am a knaue if I haue not forgot what
wench had my maiden head, *Enter Florio.*

Fla. Make roome there, his Maiesty is comming to the execution.

Chy. Come, now all things are ready, lets away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Epyre and Alphonsa.

Epy. Mercy is banisht courts, the King like flint,
Hardens his royall temper gainst our plaints,
And makes our woes most vnauidable.
What inauspicious starue raignt at her birth,

That

The dumbe Knight.

That heauen thus frownes vpon her misery,
And my good Lord, now innocence must die.
As white as vnroade snow, or culuer downe,
Kings words are lawes, and cannot be withstood;
Yett is false greatnesse, which delights in blood.

Alph. Patience my Lord, I do not thinke this ill
Is yet so big as vnrecoerable.

The king doth hold you in most choice respect,
And whom kings loue, they study to oblige.
Then call your reason home, make not this ciuill ware,
To suffer makes woes lesser then they are.

Epp. How wel the sound can salue the sickle-mans griefe!
But O how ill he can digest his pils!

O my good Lord, you shall not lose a sister,
That is the ioy and comfort of your breath,

Tis not your blood shall issue from her wounds,
But mine that runs in riuers from her teares

And rounds my face in her calamitie.

Well, let her pe rish, since her soule is cleare,

And for her death, ile make a massacre.

*Enter Cypres, Queene, Philocles, Marianna bound, a guard
of halberets and an Executioner.*

Cyp. Your suits are bootlesse: for my vowes haue glewd
And clos'd mine eares that they retaine no sound

Of your intreaties, and euen now the time

Doth run vpon his latest minures, and

Saue but by speech, theres no recovery.

Q. Haue mercy good my Lord, O let my teares intrude

Betwixt your vowes and her calamitie.

In her you take from me my best of life,

My ioy, my comfort and my play-fellow.

Cyp. Content you madame, for my vow is past,

And is like fare still vnreuocable:

Ascend poore modell of calamity,

The dumbe Knight.

M. As lightly burdened with the waight of crimes,
As spotlesse infants, or poore harmlesse lambes,
Thus I ascend my heaven, this first step lower,
Mounts to this next, this, thus and thus hath brought
My bodies frame vnto its highest throne,
Heere doth her office end, and hence my soule
With golden wings of thought shall mount the skie,
And reape a palace of pure sanctitie.
Farewell my soueraigne, madame within your thoughts
Make me a tombe, and loue my memory.
Brother farewell, nay do not mourne my death,
It is not I that die to spot our house
Or make you liue in after obloquy.
Then weep no more, but take my last adieu,
My vertues not my faults preferre with you.
Lastly, to you that are my last of hope,
Nay do not hide your eies, I loue them still:
To part friends now is greatest charitie.
O be thy dayes as fruitfull in delights,
As Eden in choice flowers, thine honours such
As all the world may strue to imitate.
Be master of thy wisdome only this,
When the sad nurse to still the wrangling babe,
Shall sing the carefull story of my death,
Giue me a sigh, from thy beate purest breath:
And so farewell.

Exec. Madame kneele here, forgive me for your death.

M. With all my heart, thou art but lawes poore hand,
Thus to my death I bowe, and yet arise,
Angels protect my spirits in the skies, *He offers to strike.*

Pl. Hold, or thine owne hand shall be thine owne destruction.

Cy. Neuer did musicke sound with better voice.
Vnbind the Lady.

Fl. The feare of death hath brought her to a swoond.

Cy. Indeuour her recovery.

Eg. Sister, deere sister call thy spirits backe.

Sister;

The dumbe Knight.

Sister, O sister, hearken to my woes,
Recouer breath and liue with happinesse.

Qu. She stirs giue way to ayre that she may breath.
Speake *Mariana*, thy woes are cancelled :

Ma. You are not charitable vnto my moanes,
Thus to afflikt me with a double punishment:
One death for one poore fault might well suffice,
They are most wretched who twice liues and dies.

Phi. Madame to saue your life I kill my soule :

And speckle that which was immaculate.
Blacke periury that open eied disease,

Which is the plague sore of society,
Brands me with mischiefe, and protests I hold

Nothing within me but vnworthinesse :
And all these ils are your creation.

Ma. Which to wash off, loe heere I yeeld my selfe :

An humble sacrifice to loue and thee :

All my best hopes, my fortunes and my loue,
My faith, my seruice, and my loialtie,

Shall as thy slaues attend on thy commands,
And make me famous in my suffrages.

Cyp. Receiue her *Philokles*, for it pleaseth vs.

Phi. But not me my thrice royall soueraigne.

I le rather wed a soory blackamoore,
A Leaper, monster, Incubus or hagge,

A wretch deformd in nature, loath'd of men
Then her that hath bemonster'd my pure soule,

Her scorne and pride had almost lost her life,
A maid so faulted, seldome proues good wife.

Qu. What is the reason you not loue her now,
And were so passionate in loue before ?

Phi. Not that I loue her lesse, but rather more,
Run I this backward course ; onely my vow,

Sith vnperform'd craues satisfaction,
Which thus I reconcile, when this faire maide,
Shall with as strong a loue, as firme a zeale,

The dumbe Knight.

A Faith as constant, and a shame as strong,
Requit my care, and shew as ample prooffe
In mine extreames, as I haue in her death,
Then will I loue, enioy and honour her,
Till when, I will not think a louing thought;
Or giue the easie temper of my minde
To loue-sicke passion, or delitioufnesse.
Onely with those which do adore the sunne,
I'll giue her all respect and reuerence.

Ma. I am well pleas'd, and with a doubtfull foe,
You haue good reason thus to capitulate,
Then hang your colours forth, exced your thought
Mustre your strongest powers, of strickest wir,
And when your reasons best artilleries bene
Loue not my loue, if it be not excellent.

Cyp. I haue not seene a warre breed better wit,
Or passion draw on more delightfulness:
Proceed in your contention, for we boast,
That loue is best, which is approued most.
But now to reuels, since our tragicke sceane
Is turnd to comicke mirthfull constancie;
In stead of mourning we will daunce and banquet
And fill our emtrie veines with all delights:
For oft we find that stormes and sorrowes proue
The best forerunners of a happy loue.

Exeunt all but Epyre.

Epy. He will, but he will not, loues but cannot like,
Will and affection in this Prince are like
Two buckers which do neuer both ascend:
Or those star twins which shine not in one spheare.
O Philotes, I see thy soule growes fat,
And feeds vpon the glories of my fame;
But I'll forestall thine Epileptique fits;
And by my plots breed thy destruction.
Reuenge now rules as foueragine of my blood,
And others ruines shall aduance my good.

Which

The dumbe Knight.

VVhich once attaind to, I will proue ambitious,
Great men like Gods, are nere thought-vitious.
Now *Philoctes* stand fast, King guard thy crowne,
For by this braine, you both shall tumble downe. *Exit.*

Enter Veloups and Drap, President sitting at his deske.

Us. This is his chamber, lets enter, heeres his clarke.

Pre. Fondling, said he, since I haue hem'd thee heere,
VVithin the circuir of this luory pale.

Dra. I pray you sir help vs to the speech of your master.

Pre. Ile be a parke, and thou shalt be my Deere:
He is very busie in his study.

Feed where thou wilt, in mountaine or on dale.

Stay a while he will come out anon.

Graze on my lips, and when those mounts are drie,

Stray lower where the pleasant fountaines lie.

Go thy way thou best booke in the world.

Us. I pray you sir, what booke doe you read?

Pre. A booke that neuer an Orators clarke in this kingdome but is beholden vnto; it is called maides philosophie, or *Venus* and *Adonis*:
Looke you gentlemen, I haue diuers other pretty bookes.

Drap. You are very well storde sir, but I hope your master wil not stay long.

Pre. No he will come presently.

Enter Mesbant.

Us. VVho haue we heere? another Client sure, crowes flock to car-kasses; O tis the Lord *Mesbant*.

Me. Saue you Gentlemen; sir is your master at any leasure?

Pre. Heere sit thee downe where neuer serpent hisles,

And being set ile smother thee with kisses.

His businesse yet are many, you must needes attend a while.

Mr. VVe must attend, vm, euen snailes keep state

VVhen with slow thrust their hornes peep forth the gate.

VVe must attend, tis customs fault not mine

To make men proud, on whom great fauours shine,

Its somewhat gainst my nature to attend.

The dumbe Knight.

But when we must, we must be patient,
A man may haue admittance to the king
As soone as to these long robes, and as cheap.
Come gentlemen shall we walke?
Thus are the pauement stones before the doores
Of these great tongue guilt Orators, worne smooth
With clients dauncing for them.

Ve. It's strange to see how the world waits vpon them, therein they
are the onely men now.

Me. O onely; they of all men in request.
Your physician is the law^{er} for your health:
And moderate vnruely humours best.
Others are no body compar'd with him:
For all men neglect their health in regard of their profit.

Dra. True, and thats it makes these men grow so far,
Swell with rich purchases.

Me. Yea with golden fees,
And golden titles too, they can worke miracles,
And like creators, euen of empirie nothing
Erect a world of goodly livings, faire demeanes,
And gallant manners, heapt one on another.

Ve. They gaine indeed excessiue, & are not like vs citizens
Expos'd to hazard of the seas and trafficke.

Me. Why heres a fellow now, this Orator
Euen *Prat*, you would little thinke it, his father was
An honest proiner of our cuntry vines;
Yet hee's shot to his foot-cloath.

Drap. O hee is; hee proind him well and brought him vp to learning.

Me. Faith reasonable learning, a smattring in the Latine tongue,
A little Rhetoricke, with wrangling sophistrie,
Were his preparatiues vnto his art.

Ve. After these preparatiues (if you call them so)
The physicke wrought well for a few yeares practise,
Brought him in wondrous credit, and preferments
Came tumbling in: O such a suddaine rise,

Hath

The dumbe Knight.

Hach fortune for her minions, blame him not then,
Though he looke high on't.

Me. Nay for his pride, of weaker soules teardmd state,
It hurts none but himselfe.

Dra. Yet to my seeming it is very strange,
That from so base beginning, men can breath
Such soaring fames.

Me. Strange; it's not strange a whit,
Dunghils and marish bogs, dart store of vapours,
And viscous exhalations, against heauen,
Which borrowing luster there (though basly bred)
Seeme yet like glorious planets fairest starres:
To the weake eies of wondring ignorance,
When wisemen know they are but *Meteors*.
But here comes the Orator.

Enter Prate.

Prat. What President I say, come and attend me to the senate house.

Pre. I am ready sir, if you haue *Copia verborum*, I haue *Copia rerum*
in a buckram bagge here.

Prat. Your Lordships pleasure.

Me. Master Orator, tis not vnknowne my suit

Prat. Nay your Lordship must be brieft, I not attend
The shallow sleight of words, your suit, your suit.

Me. The restoration of my lands and honours.

Prat. They are confiscat.

Me. My lands confiscat, and my body free >

Prat. My Lord, my Lord, the Queen's more mercifull.

Me. Sir, you forget my place.

Prat. Sir you forget your faith,

T'was knowne vnto the Queene, the state and vs,
Your malecontented spirit, your disease in duty:
Your diligent perturbation of the peace:

Your passages, occurrencs and — — —

Me. Sir.

Prat. Sir me no sirs.

Do not I know you were the chiefe of those
Which raised the warres in Sicill? and long since

The dumbe Knight.

Wrought in the kings loves bloody businesse.
Did not you hold faire quarter and commerce
VVith all the spies of Cypres? sie I am asham'd,
Blinde impudence should make you be so bold,
To beare your face before authority.

Mr. But heare me.

Pra. I will heare no reply, go home, repent, pray & die.
Come Gentlemen, what's your businesse?

Vs. Your confirmation to his highnesse grant, touching our trade
with Spaine, in which if it please you to assilt vs, wee haue a tho usand
crownes which shall attend you.

Pra. O I haue you in my memory, the suit is great:
And I must squeisse forth more then a thousand crownes.
Wel attend me to the senate, you shal haue faire dispatches

Exeunt all but Mesfant.

Mr. I not attend the shallow sleight of words,
Go home repent, pray and die.

Excellent precepts for an Orators chamber.

VVhere speech must bath a handfull deep in gold,
Till the poore giuers conduit being drie,
The wretch goes home, doth curse, repent and die.

It is thy counsaile Orator, thy tale breath
Good onely but to season infamie.

From this reproch, this incarrelling humour
Hath taught my soule a new philosophie.

I will goe home and there repent all good
Done to thy name or thy profession.

I will go home and there new frame my selfe
More thirstily pernicious to thy state,

Then warre or vnabated mutiny.

As for my praier Orator, they are for thee;

Thou hast a pretty, louely, witty wife:

O maist thou liue, both to be knowne and know

Thy selfe the greatest cuckold in our land;

And yet not dare to amend or greiue at it.

Maist thou imbrace thy shame with thankful armes,

Hugge

The dumbe Knight.

Hugge thy disgrace, make thy black poison wine,
And cap and crouch to thy dishonor,
May thy remembrance liue, vpon my knees I pray,
All night in belmens mouthes, with *Pasquill* in the day.

Enter Alphonso vnder a tree.

Alp. Day be my speede, night shall not cloake my sin,
If I haue naught to doe, its by the Sunne,
The light giues leaue to all mine Idlenes.
Quick businesse and ope eies cease on mine orator,
Whilst I create him horny presidents.

Enter Coloquintida.

But heeres my bed broker. Now my great armesfull of good intelligence, where is my Mistresse?

Co. Fast lockt in her bed with a close ward to deuoure thee my braue *Paraquito*; but husht no words, there is a calme before the tempest.

Alp. Tut, tell me of no stormes, but direct me to her bed chamber, my noble firelock of a flesh pistoll.

Co. Follow thy colours my braue worthy, mount vp thy standard, so enter and prosper.

She puts Alp. into the Orators house.

Thou hast a rich roome, safe locks, sweete sheetes, a choise armesfull, with ô the rare, rare thought of imagination.

Mo. Whats this, whats this, doth this Lord *Alphonso* turne the Orator to an *Anislop*? tis more then excellent,
And from the iuice of this despight I suck
Delight more great then all my miseries,
Obserue, deare eies obserue.

Co. Nay go thy way for a Camell or a Camelion, thou maist compare with all Europe, Africke and Asia, and one that will change tricks, though thou wert worthy to be schoolemaster either to *Proteus* or *Aristine*: what an excellent gift did God giue vnto man when he gaue him woman, but how much more when that woman was made faire? but ô the most of all when she had wit to vse euery member of her creation. Well Ile stand to it, theirs nothing but beautie, vse and old age that puts woemen of my ranck out of request, and yet like old bucklers though fewe of your gallant cauileres will weare vs, yet many of your stale Ruffins will imploy vs, and thats our comfort still.

Mo. Was euer heard a baude more damnable?

The dumbe Knight.

A very mountebanke of wench flesh, an Emperick,
A dog-leech for the putrefied sores,
Of these lust-cankerd great ones, O I could
Euen mad my selfe with railing at their vices.

Prate knocks at the dore.

But hearke one knocks, O for the orator,
Heauens I beseech thee, O for the orator.

Co. How now, who knocks so rudely at the dore?

Pra. Tis I I say, open the dore, I am in hast.

Me. Tis he, iust heauen tis he, fore God the orator.

Co. Soule of my bawdie office, how are wee betraid,
Anon, anon fir, what Mistres *Prate* I say?

Arise for shame, your husbands at the dore,
I come, I come, Lord God how dull you are
When danger's at your heeles, rise quickly.

Pra. Open the dore, or I wil breake it ope.

Co. I come, I come, I thinke hee's mad with hast,
What Iohn, what Thomas, Robert, wher's these knaues,
What Iulian, Mary, Sissie, neere a maid within.

Lo. For Gods loue stay, ile find the key straight way.

Enter Lollia and Alphonso in his fowr.

O mistres *Coloquintida*, what shall become of vs?

Co. Nay I am at my wits end, and am made
Duller then any spurgald, tired Iade.

Alph. Sfoote if he enter, I will breake his neck.

Lo. Not for a world deare loue, step into my closet.

Alp. Did euer slaue come thus vnluckily?

Lo. Nay now's no time for passion, good Lord in.

Exit Alph. and enter Prate.

Co. Fy I haue almost broke my hart with running.

Lo. How now deare husbād, what hath moued this hast?

Pra. I thinke I was not blest this morning when I rose: for through
my forgetfulness I haue left behind me in my study the breuiates of all
my causes, and now the Senat is faine to daunce attendance on my lea-
sure, fy, fy, fy.

Exit Prate.

Lo. Nay if he smell nothing but papers, I care not for his dry foote
hunting,

The dumbe Knight.

hunting, nor shall I neede to pusse pepper in his nostrils, but see hee comes againe.

*Enter Prate, and stumbling at his wines bed, sees Alphonso
rich apparell lying thereon.*

Pra. I thinke the Diuell haue laid his hoines in my way.

Me. Yes, and if you had wit you might coniure him out of your wiues closet.

Pra. *Sancti benedicite*, what haue we heere, hath the golden snake cast his skinne vpon my bed, go toe wife, I smell I smell, mee thinkes your plaine rug should not agree with this rich counterpoint.

Lo. Husband, eicher I haue fitted you now, or else I shall neuer fit you whilst I breath.

You oft haue told me, that like those of your ranke,
Who both adorne their credits and them selues,
Yea euen their causes with their costly cloaths,
Your selfe in like sort would striue to imitate,
And now my neighbour heere hath brought this suite,
Which if you please to buy, tis better cheape
Then ere it was made by full five thousand crownes.

Pra. Saist thou me so wench, a kisse for that ifaith,
Fore God it is a delicate fine suite, rich stufte, rare worke, and of the
newest fashion; nay if the Senats businesse were neuer so hasty, I will
stay to try it on, come, help good wenches helpe, so there, there there.

The Orator. puts on Alphonso's apparell.

Me. Sfoote will the oxen put on the Lions hyde,
He will, he will, tis more then excellent,
So guild the tombe which holds but rottennes,
Laughter I feare will burst me, looke how hee struts,
O God that euer any man should looke
Vpon this maumer and not laugh at him,

Pra. Fit fit: excellent fit as though,
The body it was made for wore my mould,
Wife I will haue it, weele dispute no price.

Enter Velons.

Ve. Master Orator, the Senat are set, and can dispatch no causes
through your absence, therfore they earnestly intreat your presence.

Pra.

The dumbe Knight.

Pra. I come, I come, good friend go say I come,
And wife see that you pay for this suite, what so ere it cost. *Ex. Pra.*

Me. Not about making you cuckold, thats the most.

Lo. What is he gone?

Co. He is.

Enter Alphonso in his shirt.

Lo. Why then come forth poore naked Lord.

Alp. What is he gone, may the Diuell and his hornes both follow him.

Lo. He is gone: but yet he hath discovered your treason.

Alp. How?

Co. Yes, and in reuenge thereof hath vow'd, that in this naked sort as you are, you shall doe penance through the Citie for your sinne of vnchastitie.

Alp. I pray thee leaue thy womans phrased, and speake like a man, plainly, plainly.

Lo. Then plainly thus, he is gone and hath taken away your apparell.

Alp. Vpon what accident?

Lo. This, when your negligence had left your cloathes vpon my bed, he espied them, taskt me for the owner, I in excuse told him it was a suite brought by my gossip to be sold, hee straight like a childe proud of a new coate, presently puts it on, presently is sent for to the Senat, and at this present hath left you that the world may behold your naked doings.

Alp. I would it were washt in the bloud of a Centaure, that when he puts it off, his skinne might follow it, but how shall I get to my chamber?

Lo. Truly I know not, except you wil weare a smocks vpper-coate.

Alp. What a petticoate, you mad me with your mirth.

Lo. Then seriously thus, as he hath tane your cloathes, you must take his, and let the world know you haue had more then fidlers fare, for you haue meat, money and cloth.

Alp. Sfoote how shall I looke in this Diuels suite, sure I shall grow sick to see my shape.

Lo. Well extremity must then beyour physick, but come, you shall attire your selfe in my chamber.

Exit Alp. Co. and Colo.

Me.

The dumbe Knight.

Ma. Are these the winding turnes of female shames,
Loose womens gamboles, and the tricks of sinne?
And are we borne to beare these suffrages?
O he thats tide vnto a brothell bed,
Feeles his worst hell on earth, and may presume
There is no sicknes like his pestilence:
Well, what the issue of this iest will proue,
My wit but yet conceiues, and after time
Shall perfit it and giue it liberty,
In such sort, that if it true fire strike,
A world of Apes shall study for the like. *Ex.*

Enter the Duke of Epyre alone.

Epy. My thoughts are troubled, Ioy forfakes me quite,
And all my meditations are reuenge:
Ambition and fell murder ioyne in me,
And aid each other to vntwine a state,
And make whole millions proue vnfortunate.
Now must I practise court art flattery
And wisely temporise with blackest deedes:
Ile smile and stab, now weepe, then laugh, then frowne,
And with sly tricks of state kill all suspicion.
Diuels must seeme like Angels, saith ambition:
The blackest thoughts Ile study to excell,
Crownes and reuenge haue made men diue to hell.
My plot is currant and it cannot misse,
Whilst wisdome windes me on the clew of blisse.
The King shal kill the Queene, that acted right,
I soone will turne his brightest day to night.
Hees simple, honest, and loues downy rest,
Then he must fall, tis policie in state
To hurle them downe are blest with happy fate.
Thus each shal scourge himselfe with his owne rod,
Who is all policie, auowes no God,
Who is within there hoe? *Enter Florio.*

Flo. Did your grace call?

Epy. I did, where is the King?

G

Flo.

The dumbe Knight.

Flo. He is in his priue chamber playing at chesse.

Epy. Go straight and tell him I must speake with him,
And say my businesse doth import great haste.

Flo. I goe my Lord.

Epy. Be a blest Mercury, now mount thee vp my spirit,
And shew thy selfe a Politician,
Let slaunder rule thy tongue, enuy thy hart,
And let destruction be thy period
Of what thou speakest, for this my maxim is,
But rule no heauen, and but reuenge no blisse.

Enter Cypres, Florio and attendants.

Cy. Here comes the King, my Lord we must be priuat,
Remove your hearings from our conference,
Now speake my Lord, speake freely as to heauen.

Epy. First with my knee I kisse this prostrate earth,
And humbly beg, that which my tongue shall speake,
So it proceede from loue and vassallage,
May beare a pardon or forgetfulness.

Cy. You haue it, arise, discharge an open breast.

Epy. O my dread Liege, my speech will make you sad,
(And Kings doe seldome relish their distastes)
And from that sadnes such a storme will rise,
As will euen droune vp all credulity.
O that my loyall hart could couer sinne,
Or that my tongue inured vnto grieffe,
Might lose his spleene ere it distemper you,
But loue and mine alleagance bid me speake.

Cy. Then speake, and doe not rack me with delay.

Epy. Women, why were you made for mans affliction,
The first that euer made vs taste of grieffe,
And last of whom in torments we complaine,
You diuels shap't like Angels, through whose deedes,
Our forked shames are made most visible,
No soule of sense would wrong bright Maiesty,
Nor staine their blood with such impurity.

Cy. Nay good Lord leaue this *Allegorick* speech,

And

The dumbe Knight.

And giue me knowledge from a plainer phraſe.

Epy. Then plainly thus, your bed is preſt with luſt.

I know you doe not credit, nay whats more,

I know you hate me for my vertuouſnes,

Your Queene behaues her like a curtezan,

I know you hold me for a vild impoſter,

O fooliſh zeale that makes me be ſo fond

To leaue my faith vnto black cenſuring,

O ſhe hath ſinn'd and done a double wrong

To you, to her and ſacred chaſtity.

Cy. Duke thou art valiant, and with a valiant mind,

Slander is worſe then theft or ſacrilidge,

Nay more then murder, or the height of treaſon,

A ſtep beyond the vtmoſt plagues in hell.

Then thou which in that nature wrongſt a Queene,

Deſeru'ſt a ſcourge beyond their puniſhments,

Vertue ſhould kill thee now.

Epy. Nay doe, my breſt is bare vnto thy ſteele,

Kill me becauſe I loue thee and ſpeake true,

Iſ this the merit of a Romane faith,

For this haue I obſeru'd, pri'd in vnto,

And ſearcht each ſecret ſhift of vanity?

Nay pray you kill me, faith Ile patient ſtand,

Liue ſtill a monſter, hold ſhame in your hand.

Cy. Speake a word more, a King ſhalbe thy death.

Epy. Death is a ſlaue to him that is reſolud,

And my ſoule loaches this ſeruile flattery:

Nor will I couer ſuch intemperate ſinne,

But to the world make them and that transparent,

Vnleſſe your ſelfe will ſeek to right your ſelfe.

Cy. Thou haſt awakt me, and thy piercing words

Haue ſplit my ſenſe in ſunder: yet what ground

Remaines wheron to ground ſuſpicion? a cuckold, cuckold

Epy. Your abſence is the baud to her deſires,

For their maskes, dauncings, gaming, banquetting,

Strange priuate meetings and all toiles in loue.

The dumbe Knight.

As wanton speeches to stirre Appetite,
And all enchantments that inflame desire.
When you returne, then all is hush and still,
And she demurely walkes like vertues Ghost
Before your face shees like a Puritane,
Behind your back a blushles motezan.

Cy. O I haue drunck in poison at mine eares,
which makes my blood boile with vnquēched flames,
But speake who is it that dishonors me?

Epy. He that you prize a line before your life,
I know you will not credit, faith you will not.

Cy. Nay if thou cease to speake thou ha'st my life,
Tak'st thou delight to kill me, then forbear,
Sfoothe I am mortall man, kill me, doe doe doe.

Epy. Your best of friends, your dearest *Philoctes*
Vsurps your bed and makes you a co-nute,
A creature vncreate in paradise.

And one thats onely of a womans making.

Cy. Ist possible can I giue faith to this?

Epy. Nay be but patient, smoothe your brow a little,
And you shall take them as they clip each other.
Euen in their height of sin, then dam them both,
And let them stinck before they aske God pardon,
That your reuenge may stretch vnto their soules.

Cy. To be a Cuckold doth exceede all grieve.

Epy. To Haue a pleasant scoffe at Maiesty.

Cy. To taste the fruit forbidden from my tree.

Epy. But he shall loose his paradise for that.

Cy. The slaue wil make base songs in my disgrace.

Epy. And wound your reputation in strange Lands,

Cy. This iniury sads all my ioies on earth.

Epy. Hornes are not shund by wisdom, wealth or birth

Cy. Watch their close meetings, & then giue vs notice,

Meane space my loue shall in thy bosome rest,

My grieve is like my birth, great, great and hie:

Giue close intelligencie, til then farewell.

The dum be Knight.

Lust is the broadest path which leades to hell.

Exe. Cyren.

Epy. Hee's gone with black suspicion in his hart :
And made his soule a slaue to ieaousie,
My plots shall driue him to his owne destruction;
And I gaine both reuenge and dignitie.
He shall no sooner put his Queene to death,
But ile proclaime her spotlesse innocence.
All men will hate him for so vile an act,
And mad with rage depose him from his crowne.
Then I will be his death, his state doth giue,
Kings once depos'd, long after must not liue;
For like a *Phoenix* rare in ieaousie,
He shall consume himselfe in scorching flames,
Whilest from his ashes I a *Phoenix* spring :
Many renounce their God to be a king,
And ile be one to kill men with a frowne,
None dare dispute the actions of a crowne.

Exit.

Act 4. Scen. 1 Musicke.

Enter Florio and Masbani.

Florio.

THe Queene is all for reuelles, her light heart,
Vnladen from the heauinesse of state,
Bestowes it selfe vpon delightfulnesse,
Ms. She followes her creation and her sexe.

In my conceit it is as vile a thing,
To see the worthy modell of a woman,
Who had not beene at all; but to giue life,
And stirring spleene to mans allacrity,
To sit orewhelm'd with thought, with darke amuze
And the sad sullenness of a griued dislike;
As to behold an old man in his furre,

The dumbe Knight.

Whose well spent youth, hath giuen his age full strength
To be his countries best physician,
To caper to his graue, and with vaine gaudes
Trick vp his coffin, and vpon his tombe,
To leaue no knowledge but his leuitie.

Flo. Tis true indeed, and nature in her selfe,
Doth giue vs still distaste in contraries,
And in my thoughts it is as base to see a woman man,
As see a man a long roab'd feminine.

Mr. Well, we forget our selues my Lord, What is the musicke ready? I pray you command the guard to take their halbers in their hands, the Vthers should haue seene this roome perfum'd, in faith they are too negligent: here comes the Queene.

Enter the Queene, Mariana, and waiting women, Philocles and other Lords, the King disguised like one of the guard at the one end of the stage, and the Duke so likewise disguised at the other end of the Stage.

Qu. Loud musicke there, and let the God of Harmony
Ravish our senses with delightfull aires,
Tun'd to the musicke of the higher spheare,
And with that mortall signe rarely shew,
The ioyes in Ioues high court, to feast the Gods,
Making that place abound in happinisse.
Come noble *Philocles*, I ceaze you first,
(*Mariana* there are choice of other Lords)
In gracing you, it is the king I grace.

Ma. Come honest Lord, as you must stand to me,
The Queene in mine doth challenge interest,
And I must flie for shelter to my friends.

Mr. And ile be glad to be your couerture.

Ma. O no my Lord, not till the weather change.

Mr. Wel when you please, meane time you do me grace.

Qu. Nay my Lord, ther's a Lady worth the handling.
Sound musicke then, fill earth with heauens pleasure.

The dumbe Knight.

Cyp. My Queene is out of time, though she keep measure.

Here they daunce the first straine.

Epi. Be luckie villainie,

Hit now the marke that mine ambition aimes at

Me thinks I see that leane Italian diuell, iealousie, daunce

In his eies: possesse him spirit of rage,

Muffle his vnderstanding with black thoughts,

Let passion gouerne reason, falshood truth,

Obluion hide his age, hate kill his youth.

Epy. Thou dauncest on my heart lasciuious Queene,

Euen as vpon these rushes, which thou treadest :

See how her motions winde about his eies,

And doth present to him her passions,

Now doth her moistning palme glow in his hand

And courts him vnto dalliance: she dies, tis iust,

Shee's slaue to murder that is slaue to lust.

Epi. Thou curse of greatnesse, waking ei'd suspition,

Now help thy poore friends, murder and ambition.

The first straine ends.

Qu. This straine contain'd a preticke change.

Proceed vnto the next.

They daunce the second.

Cyp. Sinne follows sin, and change on change doth wait,

Thy change doth change my loue to cruell hate.

Here in this straine Mariana came to Philocles.

Pbi. Madam methinks this change is better then the first.

Ma. I if the musicke would not alter it.

Qu. Methinks tis worfe, come we wil haue another strain

They daunce againe.

Pbi. I pleas'd, let vs proceed.

Cyp. Riuals in crownes and beds of kings must bleed,

Can that faire house containe so foule a guest.

The dumbe Knight.

As lust, or cloake in ordinate and base desires,
Vnder so faire a couerture; O yes,
VVomen can blind our sense when we se best,
And set faire landskips on inconstancie,
Making vs blind with seeing, the daunce en ds,
Your sins are blackest, breach of loue and friendes.
Epy. Now to the king, blow rage till it flame hare,
A politician thrives the best in state.

Exit Epyra, and enters to the King againe.

Qu. Come sweet Prince *Philacles*,
Deuise some new delights to shorten time,
This dulnesse hath no relish in my sense
It hath no pish, and slorh in my conceit
Is but a tipe of pride in best constructions.

Ma. Madame i'e stand, that a faire woman must bee proud or else a
foole.

Phi. I would faine heare that I'faith.

Qu. Thy reason wench, I pray thee come disburse.

Ma. A woman faire is like a full blowne rose.

Qu. VVhich holds the faire no longer then it growes.

Ma. A woman faire is like the finest gold.

Phi. VVhich kept from vse is good though nere so old.

Ma. Nay good Lord leane a little,

She that is faire is wise, and ought to know it,

For to that end did nature first bestow it,

Now of this knowledge if we be not proud,

VVe wrong the author, and we are allowd

To ranke with senseles beasts, such carelesse weel

For want of pride detract our dignitie.

Now knowing it, we know truth in the same,

Not to be proud of truth askes follies name.

This lesson still is read in beauties schoole,

She that is faire and humble is a foole

For neither knows she how to hold her good

Or

The dumbe Knight.

Or to keep safe the treasure of her blond.

Qu. a notable declamation.

Ma. Nay madame by your leaue,
Pride giues a luster to a womans faire,
Things that are highest prizd, are euer deere.
VVhy is the Diamond th: Saphyrs king,
But for esteeme and rarenesse? both which spring
From the stones pride, which is so chaste and hard,
Nothing can pierce it, it selfe is it selves guard.
Now what is pride? selfe loue, our owne esteeme,
A strength to make vs of our selues well deeme:
From whence this maxim I collect mongst other,
VVho hates her selfe can neuer loue another.
And to conclude, mans appetite growes dull
To what it may haue, empirie hope is full,
To all our sexe on earth, maid, widow, wife and bride,
They happy liue, when they liue with chaste pride.

Cyp. My Queene will speake as much for lust as shee for pride, if the
toy take her.

Me. Your Ladiship sowes dangerous seede abroad.

Ma. But I hope my lord all grounds are not fruitfull.

Qu. Well wench, shalt be the proud womans champion.

Ma. And ile defend them against all men, as at single tongue.

Me. I had rather fight with a gyant, then you at that weapon.

Cyp. My Lord go forth, returne in your owne shape, say I am com-
ming.

Epy. I goe my Lord.

Exit Epyr.

Cyp. Ile note their countenance when they heare of me.
Kings often see that which they would not see.

Qu. Dauncing hath made me weary, what sport is next?

Phi. What your highnesse will command.

Cyp. she will command you sir to play with her.

Enter Epyr.

Epy. Madame his maiestie is returned to court.

Qu. Nay then away with reuels and with sports,
Lie hush, and still this vainer idlencesse,

The dumbe night.

It now hath lost his spleene, come Lords away.
My sunne is risen, brings a brighter day.

Exeunt all but Cypres and Epyre.

Cyp. Darknesse is thy delight lasciuious Queene,
And thou wouldst haue thy sun p ent vp in cloude :
If I be he, O falsnesse did I for this,
In single opposition hand to hand,
Hazard my royall bloud for thee to be
My greatestt shame, the scandall of my blood,
Whil'st rumour crownes me king of infamy:
But I will be reueng'd: watch gentle Lord,
When next I see them, they shall tast of death,
Such power hath basenesse ouer great defame
That monarches cannot couer their own shame.

Exit Cypres.

Epy. My plot yet holds a true proportion,
And I do see, an euen way to rule,
A crowne like a bould champion bids me on,
And fame shall chronicle mine enterprife:
The Queene being dead, I must oppose my selfe,
Against her tyrant husband, thats my claime
And with strong courage, stand the shooke of warre:
If of my selfe I can withstand the King,
Then all the Land will flocke vnto mine aide, if not,
The king is Gods annointed, my head fies the blocke,
And thats the worst, yet future times will tell:
I sunke not sleightly, for a crowne I sell.

Exit Epyre.

Enter Masbani, and a guard of watchmen.

Ma. Come on my masters, you know the tenure of the kings comand,
And what in this great businesse you must do,
Which is to keep him safe, and not vouchsafe
That any creature speake or visit him,
Till he be brought to the presence of the king,
You must not start for bountie nor for threats.

No.

The dumbe Knight.

No though he say he is a noble man,
As it may be, he may proue mightie borne,
Yet what for that? you must performe your office
Or else expect to tast sharp punishment.

1 Watch. Tut, feare not my Lord, wee that haue had *Cerberus* office so many yeares vnder a gate, are not to learne now to play either diules or tyrants, let vs but see him, and then take no care for his safety.

2 Watch. Nay hee shall bee put into safe keeping, for my wife shall take charge of him.

Enter Alphonso in the Orators clothes.

Al. 'Tis well deu'd, see where he comes,
He may not see my presence, thinke vpon't,
Your charge is trusty, and of mightie waight.
Farewell.

Exit Alphonso.

1 Watch. Feare not: come my hearts, compasse him about, and ceaze on him all at once, like so many Rauens on a dead horse.

Alp. Now an eternall sleep, an apoplex, a swoound
Ceaze on their senses, who in this disguise
Shall view or note my vile deformitie.

I was bewitcht with spels to my misfortune:

Or else starre crost with some haggish hellishnesse.

Sure I said my prayers, ris'd on my right side,

Wash't hands and eies, put on my girdle last;

Sure I met no splea-footed baker,

No hare did crosse me, nor no bearded witch,

Nor other ominous signe, O then why

Should I be thus damn'd in the diuels nets?

Ist possible? this habit which I weare

Should become any man? now of my soule,

I loath to see my selfe, and willingly

I would euen vomit at my countenance.

1 Watch. Stand sir, we arrest you.

Alp. Arrest me, why I iniure no man but my selfe.

2 Watch. You are the more vnkind, he that wrongs himselfe, will not
Sticke to wrong the whole world also.

The dumbe Knight.

1 *Wa.* Nay strue not, for we arrest you by vertue of the Kings commission.

Alp. Well my masters be care full, you may mistake me.

2 *Wa.* Indeed it is no maruaile, you are so like other men.

Alp. Indeed at this time, I am hardly like one of Gods making.

1 *Wa.* Faich and I am sure you are no man of a good taylors making, you are but peest worke.

Alp. Well yet I may hap to proue a noble man.

2 *Wa.* A whoremaster or an vnthrif, away with him, and let no man catachise him vpon paine of my displacure.

Exeunt.

Enter the Duke of Epyre alone.

Epy. Roule on the chariot wheelles of my deere plots,

And beare mine ends to their desired markes:

As yet theirs not a rub of wir, a gulse of thought,

No rockie misconstruction, thorny amaze,

Or other let of any doubtfullnesse,

As yet thy way is euen smoth and plaine,

Like the greene Ocean, in a silent calme.

Blessed credulity, thou great God of error,

That art the strong foundation of huge wrongs,

To thee giue I my vowes and sacrifice,

By thy great deiry he doth beleue

Falshoods, that falshoods selfe could not inuent,

And from that misbeleefe doth draw a course

To ouerwhelme euen vertue, truth and iusticie.

Let him go on blest starres, tis meer he fall,

Whose blindfold iudgement hath no guid at all.

But O these shadowes haue bewitched long,

To threat and not to do, doth malice wrong,

And see heere comes the Queene.

Enter the Queene, Marston and other Ladies.

2 *La.* My Lord the Duke, your presence and my wish,
lump in an euen line together: come we must to cardes,

The dumbe Knight.

I haue some crownes I needs must lose to you.

Epy. I humbly beseech your highnesse pardon me,
I haue important businesse of the Kings.
Which doth command mine instant diligence.

Ma. Brother, indeede you shall attend the Queene,
Another time will serue those state dispatches.

Epy. Sister content you, the affaires of state
Must giue their best attendance on the times,
And great occurents must not lose their minutes.

Ma. Now ile stand to it, that to be a states man or a lawier, is to be
of the most thanklesse occupation that euer was deriu'd from human
inuention.

Qu. Why I pray thee wench?

Ma. Because they bestow all the laborious toile of the minde vn-
till they be forty, that they may liue imprison'd in a study chamber
till they be fourescore, onely this worlds Mammon, which is great
name and riches, like a string betweene a gallie slaues legs, is the on-
ly ease of their fetters.

Qu. A notable construction of a noble labor: but shall we not haue
your company my Lord?

Epy. My seruice Madam, but my presence the King hath imploid,
onely if you please, I will send Prince *Philotes* to your Maiestie.

Qu. No creature better for his skill in play,
Is equall with our knowledge, good my Lord,
Send him to my priuy chamber presently.

Exit Queene and Mariano. Enter Philotes.

Epy. I will, and send affliction after him,
And see where he comes, My Lord your presence hath
Saued me much labour, and a little care,
I was in quest for your faire company:
The Queene my Lord intreats you earnestly.
You will attend her in her priuy chamber.

Phi. Vnto what end?

Epy. Only to waste some time at cards with her,

The dumbe Knight.

The lasie howers sick heavy on her thoughts,
Which she would lose with some forgetfulness.

Phi. Faith, & play nere relisht worse within my thoghts,
I know not how, but loaden heavinesse
Drawes me to be in loue with melancholy.

Epy. The fitter for you with more light sports
To chase that bloud consumer from your brest,
Who with a honnie poison doth deuoure,
And kill the very life of liuelihood.

Phi. Tis true, & therefore shall your counsaile tuorme
Where is her Maiesty?

Epy. Gone to her priuie chamber where she doth ex-

Phi. I will attend her presently. *Exit Phi.*

Epy. Doe, and I will attend thee to thy graue,
Poore shallow Lord, by much too verminous.
Hoe, whose within there!

Flo. Your graces pleasure.

Epy. Go tell his Maiesty that I must speake with him.

Flo. I go.

Enter aloft to cards the Quene and Philoſopher.

Que. Come my Lord take your place, here are cards, and here are
my crownes.

Phi. And here are mine, at what game will your Maiesty play?

Que. At mount faint.

Phi. A royall game, and worthy of the name,
And meetest euen for Saincts to exercise:
Sure it was of a womans first inuention.

Que. It is not Saint, but Cent, taken from hundreds.

Phi. True, for mongst millions hardly is found one faint

Que. Indeepe you may allow a double game,
But come list for the dealing, it is my chance to deale.

Phi. An action most, most proper to your sex.

Enter Cypres.

Cy. How now my waking diagon, thou whose cies

Doe

The dumbe Knight.

Doe neuer fall or clofethrough Lethean fleepe,
What is there a *Hercules* that dare to touch,
Or enter the *Hesperian* *Rosaries*?

Epy. Speak softly gentle Lord, behold, behold
The fillie birds are rangled in your snare,
And haue no way to scape your punishment:
See how her eies doe court him, and his lookes pay to her
loue a double interest: fie fie, they are toe blame.

Qus. What are you my Lord?

Pbi. Your highnes seruant, but misfortunes slaue.

Qus. Your game I meane.

Pbi. Nothing in' show, yet somewhat in account,
Madam I am blanke.

Qu. You are a double game, and I am no lesse, theres an hundred, &
all cards made but one knaue.

Epy. Marke that, of my life she meanes your Maiesty.

Cy. True, I know she holds me as her varlet,
And that I am imperfitt in her game,
But my reuenge shall giue me better place,
Beyond the hate of her foule impudence.

Epy. Nay good my Lord obserue, they will confirme you better.

Qu. Whats your game now?

Pbi. Foure Kings as I imagine.

Qu. Nay I haue two, yet one doth me little good.

Pbi. Indeed mine are 2 *Queenes*, & one Ile throw away.

Epy. Doth your Maiesty marke that
You are the King that she is wearie of,
And my sister the *Queene* that he will cast away.

Pbi. Can you decard Madam?

Qu. Hardly but I must doe hurt.

Pbi. But spare not any to confirme your game.

Epy. Would you haue more plaine prooffe of their foule treason?
They doe not plot your highnes death alone.

Cy. But others which they thinke depend on me.

Epy. My selfe and those which doe you seruices,
They are bloody minded, yet for my selfe,

Were

The dumbe Knight.

Were it not for your fastie, I could wish
You would remit and blot these errors out,
In hope that time would bring them to more vertue.

Cy. O then thou didst not loue me, nor thy faith
Tooke hold vpon my scandals, hee I am mad,
Sham'd and disgrac't, all wisdomlesse.
Within there ho?

Enter Florio.

Flo. Did your maiesty call?

Cy. Go instantly, (may doe not looke sad or pale,
Neither dispute with me nor with thy thoughts:
But as thou lou'st thy life, effect my will)
Call all my guard, ascend the Queenes priuie chamber,
And in my name arrest her and Prince Philotes of treason:
Make no delay but in thy diligence
Shew how thou dost respect me, arrested once,
Conuey them vnto straitest prison: away.

Exit Florio.

For you my Lord, go instantly prepare,
And summon all the Princes of our land
Vnto an instant Parliament, where we
Will haue them both condemn'd immediately,
Without their answeres plaints or pitioufnes.
Since womens teares doe blunt reuenges sword,
I will not see nor heare the speake one word. *Ex. Cy. Epy.*

*Enter Florio and a guard aloft to the Queene
and Philotes*

Flo. Madam and Prince Philotes, in the Kings name I arrest you
both of high treason.

Phi. He lies that saith I euer knew the word.

Que. I pray thee doe not affright me gentle Lord,
Thy words doe cary death even in their sound.

Flo. Madam I am most forrie to my fortune,
But what I doe is by the Kings commission.

Ex. W.

Que.

The dumbe Knight.

Que. Whence is that warrant grounded, or what's our treason?

Flo. I am his instrument but not his counsaillor.

Que. Witnesse my teares that I am innocent.

Phi. Madam be patient, that we doe not know,

Wee have no cause to grieve at, as for enuies toile,

Let her euen break her owne gall with desire,

Our innocence is our preuention.

Be cheerefull Madam, tis but some willains found,

Made onely to amaze, not to confound.

And what must wee doe my Lord?

Flo. To prison are the words of my commission.

Phi. Then leader the way; he hath of grieve no sense,

Whose conscience doth not know of his offence.

Act 3. Scene 1. Multique.

Enter at one dore Epyre, at another Mariana.

Epyre.

HOW now mad sister, your deare loue is condemn'd,

A sweete adulterer.

Ma. How, condemn'd before their tryall?

Epy. No, they were condemn'd by Act of Parliaments.

Ma. I doe not hold thee brother for a man,

For it is reasonlesse to mock calamity,

If he die innocent, thrice happy soules,

If guilty, weepe, that man should so transgresse:

Nature of reason thus much doth importune,

Man should partake in grieve with mans misfortune.

Epy. For him, if ere mine eyes weep, may they drop out

And leaue my body blinder then my sense,

Pittie my foe the ruine of my house,

My valours scandall, and mine honours poison,

No let him fall, for blood must still quench lust,

Law hath condemn'd him, then his death is iust.

The dumbe Knight. 3d P

Ma. Spit out that monster enuy; it corrupts you,
And mildly heare me answer for my loue,
What did he gainst you was not honourable,
Which you gainst him would not haue gladly done;
Will you hate him for acting your owne thoughts?
Can it be ill in him yet good in you?
Let reason waigh this difference, then youle find
His honor poizes downe his infamy.

Epy. Canst thou loue him that brought thee to thy death?

Ma. No like a God he made me with his breath.

Epy. Did he not win thy loue and then reiect thee?

Ma. His honor not his loue doth now neglect me.

Epy. Fond maid thy foolish dotage doth mistake him.

Ma. Hell shall haue mercie ere I will forsake him.

Epy. Farewell then sister, friend to my greatest foe,
Reuenge strikes home, being ended with one blow.

Ma. Preuention thou best midwife to misfortune,
Vnfold this vgly monsters treachery,
And let his birth be ominous strooke dead,
Bre is haue being in this open world:
Loues commands nature, brother pardon me,
Thine enuy dies by my loues liberty.
Inuention (harm of wife) possesseth my braine,
For treason is to treason her owne bane.
And you bright heavens, now aid me in my plots,
That truth may shine through faithoods leporous spots,
My life Ile hazard to redeeme my loue,
Firme constancy like rocks can neuer moue.
Be bold then maiden hart in his defence
He saved thy life, thy life his recompence.
My wit and hopes haue furnished me with all
The helpes of art, to bring forth treasons fall.
Now to the meanes: some say that gold hath power,
To enter without force a gatelesse tower,
And Ile try that, which if it take fast hold,

The dumbe Knight.

He neuer blame them more that doate on gold.
Hoe, whose within there? *Enter Guiler.*

Ga. Who calles, what would you haue? I thought you were a woman you were so hasty: O Madam is it you? I cry you mercie.

Ma. My grieft speakes loud sir, and my swift desire
Ore rules my tongue, makes it keepe time with thought,
I long to see a prisoner in this ill built house.

Ga. What prisoner Madam?

Ma. The worthy Prince, the famous *Philocles*.

Ga. Madame I dare not, without especiall warrant.

Ma. I haue my brothers strong commission, hold there is gold.

Ga. This golden calfe is an excellent Idoll, and fewe of my profession but serues it, this dumb god giues tongue to all men, wit to all men, honour to any man, but honesty to no man; and therefore as for honesty I meane not to deale with so deare a commodity, but leave it to my better: Madam those staires direct you to his lodging.

Ma. I thanke you sir. *Exit Mariana.*

Ga. This is a worthy Lady to giue thus much for the bare sight of a man in affliction, if he were at liberty it were nothing; but being as it is, it is most bountifull, but it may be it is for the past houres of former recreations, well let it be what it shall be, I am sure it was not that I should hold this disputation: but see here she comes againe.

Enter Philocles in Marianas attire, and

Mariana in his.

Phi. Madame my soule cannot consent to leaue
Your life in this great hazard, nor can death
Carie such vgly shape as doth the thought.
That you are left in this extremity.
Indeede I will not leaue you.

Ma. Will you grow mad? what shall your nobler spirit
Which is the schoole of wisdom grow so fond,
As to reuolt from all our happines?
Our plots you know, and how to manage cares,
Whose true euents haue true proportions.

The dumbe Knight. 61

Then deare Lord rest resolu'd, the Gailer neuer heates mild upon all
Liue you with safetie, most worthy maid far swell with gladness, all

Phi. Farewell faire Prince, thanks M. Iayler and a kind commend.

Gai. As much vnto your Ladiship. So now Ile lock my dores.

Exit Mari, Phi. and Gailer.

Enter Cypres, Meliant, Florio and attendants.

Cy. Is our commission, as wee gaue in charge,
Deliuered ore to the Corigidors?

Me. It is, and with such strictnes and aduice,
For speedy execution of the same,
That by this time I know they are in the way
Vnto their execution, for the hower
Of death doth runne vpon his latest minutes.

Cy. Tis well: for till their shamelesse liues haue end,
There can no comfort creepe into my thoughts,
Or ought saue mischief keepe me company.
Why was I borne to this malignity
And lownesse of base fortune: yet my place
About the leuell of the vulgars fight,
O it is but to let me know thus much,
That those which ly within the richest graues
Were at the best but fortunes glorious slaues.
But see, here comes my shame.

*Enter Corigidors, Queens and Philotes bound, and a guard
of halberts with the executioner.*

Que. My dearest Lord.

Cy. Passe and respect me not lasciuious woman,
Thy teares are of the speares of Crocodils,
See how I stop mine eares against thy plaints,
And glue mine vnderstandings from thy charmes,
Nay call on him thou hast offended most,
Mercy from me were worse then cruelty.

Que. My dearest dreade, my best but foueraigne,

Whom

The dumbe Knight.

Whom I haue nere offended bur with zeale
And constant loue, loyall and honorable,
Vouchsafe me though a Queene a subiects right,
And let me know for what offence I perish.

Cyp. For thine adulterat and monstrous lust,
Shamefull and grosse and most vnufferable.

Qu. Who doth accuse vs?

Cyp. Our selfe, and our owne soule that haue beheld
Your vile and most lasciuious passages.

Ma. O that my tongue would not betray my knowledge
Then would I amaze them all with mine assertions:
Madame, challenge the law.

Qu. My gracious Lord, since no desert in me,
Can merit your beliefe, nor that your eie,
Can rightly iudge my pure complexion:
Yet as your handmaid, let me beg the right,
Due vnto wretches from our countries lawes.

Cyp. The tenure of the law you do demand.

Qu. That in the case of slander, where the prooffe:
Proceedes as much from enuy as from truth,
We are allow'd our champions to defend
Our innocence, with a well ordered sword.

Cyp. I lookt for this obiection and allow it,
Nor am I vnprouided for your best
And strongest hope in any victory; Lords attend in my Champion.

*Here the noble men go forth, and bring in the Duke of
Epire like a combatant.*

Qu. Will you my Lord approue the Kings assertion.

Epy. Madame, although against the nature of my spirit,
And my first duty, bound to your allegiance,
Yet now compeld by duty and by truth,
I must of force become your opposite.

Qu. Thou art no true Italian, nor true gentleman,
Thus to confound the glory of thy iudgement.

The dumbe Knight.

Hath not that arme which now is arm'd against me
That valour, spirit, iudgement, and that worth,
Which onely makes you worthy, stood t'approoue
More then my selfe will challenge to my vertues?
And are you now basely turn'd retrograde?
Well, I perceiue ther's nought in you but spleene,
And times obseruance, still to hold the best:
Still I demand the Law.

Cyp. And you shall haue it in the amplest manner. *Sound cornets.*

Heere the cornets sound thrice, and at the third sound, enters

Philocles disguised like a combatant.

Flo. There is a cōbatant on the defendars party your maiesties pleasure.

Cyp. Giue him his oath according to the lawes.

Flo. Are the faire ends of this your warlike posture.

To proue the innocence of these two condemn'd?

So help you Ioue.

Pbi. They are.

Cyp. Then giue the warlike signall to the fight.

Heere the combate being fought, Philocles

ouercomes the Duke.

Pbi. Thou art my slave, either confesse or die.

Epi. Didst thou speake true, I would not found a word

To saue the world from cinders: yet that thou maiest

With more resolu'd fury murder me,

This I confesse, twas I that onely stir'd,

Out of strong falshood hate and ieaousie

The kings eternall wrath, and made him thinke

Vntruths, that euen vntruth would not suggest:

And all my malice sprung from that Prince *Philocles.*

Pbi. No twas from me that still am *Philocles.*

Cyp. My *Philocles*, my *Queene*, O double pardon me,

My ieaousie, his enuy, and your vertues:

The dumbe Knight.

Are sprung from such impatient contraries,
I cannot reconcile them, yet O pardon me:
My faith in life shall make you recompence:
For thee rare *Mariana*, thou hast wrought
A worke of noble constant magnitude.

As for this monster, this my tempting diuell,
Whose forfait life is wirtlesse to his shame:
I giue his life and fortunes to the Queene,
She whom his malice would haue brought to death;
Shall now be iudge and Iurer of his breath.

Ma. In which commission, (madame) let it be inrolled:
He is my brother and my best of blood.

Q. And onely that is charter for his life:
Live enuious Lord, more enuious then thou art great,
Live to lament thy worst of wretchednesse,
Live to repent, since this I certaine know:
Thine owne gald conscience will be thy worst woe.

Enter a guard of watchmen with Alphonso.

1 Watch. Come bring him away, thrust him forward, though fauour
and a great purse were against him.

Cyp. How now, what tumult haue we there?

2 Watch. And it please your maiestie we haue brought you heere a
flip a peece of false coine: one that is neither stamp with true coine
for his excuse, nor with good clothes for his redemption.

Cyp. *Alphonso*, in the name of madnes how comes this *Metamorphosis*?
Nay stand forth, discourse, if thou dost lie, thou art mine enemy.

Me. Nay more, if thou sticke in any bogge, and by a trickes seeke to
wind out, I will discover you.

Alph. This coniuration (beleeue it my Lord) shall make me leap out
of all fetters, and briefly thus I haue long time loued the faire wife of the
Orator, & hauing no opportunity but his absence at the senate, I tooke
that season: hee out of negligence, omitting his papers returned
vnseasonably, found mee insufficiently, and forst mee to take san-
ctuary strangely, which howeuer I purchast, yet hee found mine

Apparrell

The dumbe Knight. 17

apparrell, and mistaken in the tenure, reacht it presently, put it on immediately: and now in the Senat house is pleading in it seriously.

Cyp. I cannot blame him, you hauing got so much within his inward garment.

Me. Of all which my Lord, I being (in a strict conceit) a bawdy wrenesse: and hauing both from the Orators scornes and delaies received many indignities; though by this discovery to cry quittance with my proud enemy.

Cyp. And you haue amply done, yet this left, So perfit doth deserue more memory.

Florio, go bid the Orator attend vs presently. *Exit Fla.*

And now to you *Drap* and *Uolant*, I did Referre you long since to the Orator.

Yet I note your attention: come there as

Some too close sifted hardnes in your hearts.

You gripe too hard, your bribes will not disburse.

Come tell me truely, as you looke for heaven.

What must you pay for your dispatches?

Dra. Ue. A thousand crownes we offred willingly.

Cyp. And will your suit abate with such disbursement?

Dra. Ue. It will, and we most richly satisfied.

Cyp. Will you bestow the money on our selfe,

We will see the businelle perfused.

Dra. Ue. With all our hearts, and be full ioy'd thereat, heere are the

crownes.

Cyp. You shall haue your dispatches.

Enter Prai and Florio.

See heere comes the Orator, *Prai* come hither.

These Gentlemen whom long since I referd

To Your dispatches, are yet vnstatisfied.

Prai. Alas my Lord the state.

Cyp. I know imploies you, yet theres many minutes

May giue your best care a leaseure, come there is

Some odde disburse, some bribe, some gratulance,

Which makes you lock vp leaseure, come tell true,

What bribe must they giue, what is your ymost price.

Prai.

The dumbe Knight.

Prat. But five hundred crownes of my best conscience.

Cyp. Tut it is nothing, hold heere is the coine,

And let them haue their pattens presently:

Or looke to loose both place and soueraignty.

Prat. Legions of diuels haunt their dilligence.

Cyp. Pie, I would not haue a man of your high place,

Or for respect of wealth or base obseruance

In smallest things thus to neglect your credie.

Why looke you my Lards, this Orator is not like others of his ranke,

Who from their ganish and fantasticke humours,

Go thorow the streets, spotted in peacocks plumes,

Wearing all colours, laces, broderies,

Sattans and silkes, so antike garnished,

That when their gownes are off, you cannot finde

In Italy a master shapt more nice.

But this fellow *Frane*, heer's of another sort,

Cloth'd like himselfe, demure and soberly:

Nay you shall see him for a president.

Unpawnes the Orator.

Passion of mine eie-sight, who haue we heere?

This is *Alphonso*, ther's th. Orator.

Prat. Heart of impatience, I am then a Cuckold,

Ascorne, a by word and a laughing stocke.

What is my wife turn'd whore? and must her depch

Be sounded by the plumes of forraignes?

Well, the reuenge that I will take for this my shame,

Shall make all whores hereafter dread my name.

Cyp. Not for thy life, not for my loue I charge thee:

Thy wife is honest, chaste and vertuous:

Onely this wanton Lord, with lewd and loose

Hath much attempted, but preuail'd in nought,

For prooffe see heere the crownes hee would haue giuen

Thaue purchas'd her beds honour, but she would not,

Which I bestow on you for recompence.

Therefore as thou dost hope my grace to finde,

So to thy wife, be louing, gentle kinde.

The dumbe Knight,

Your maiestie may moule me to your pleasure
I thank you and will quittance it
Now *Arthur*, we restore you your lands,
Your honours and newe place, next our selfe,
To all that feele distaste in any sort,
We giue to each them, all our grace and fauour,
That flourish bring gentle son shine, and our hands,
May after shipwrecke bring vs to safe lands.

FIN IS.

